

WANDY



DAYS

FRANK CHAS. KNIGHT  
Novels, Bought and Sold  
Books - Exchange  
BELL PHONE, RIDGE 349  
494 WAVERLY, CLEVELAND

"Well!" said Winston, stiffly.  
He bowed pleasantly to the others whom he recognized as directors of the road. But Duerow said:  
"We understand there is a large treasure aboard this train, to be transported over our line for the Pine Hill Mining Co."

"That is true!"  
"Of course we all know that we are assuming no slight risk in the undertaking. If the treasure is lost, we are directly responsible. It would bankrupt the road."  
"No doubt it would!"  
"Then you will understand why we as stockholders are naturally interested."  
"Which is all proper enough," said Mr. Winston. "I need only say that all precautions have been taken and the train is in good hands."

At this moment the starting gong rang. The conductor shouted "all aboard," passengers rushed to their seats, and Dick opened the throttle. The next moment

"Yes."  
"What? tell me all, child!"  
"Word, I shall be compelled to thrash him. What has he done now?"  
Without a word Janet placed a letter in her father's hands. The latter read it with varied emotions.

"DEAR MISS WINSTON:  
"Not long since I declared to you my passion and begged that I be allowed to occupy the foremost place in your heart. You declined me with much rudeness, but I am now in a position which I think entitles me to some little consideration at your hands. Your father has fallen into great disfavor with the directors of the D. and W. Railroad. Downfall and ruin are imminent for him, and if you will give me one word, I shall stand his friend. Remember, sacrifice you cannot refuse to me for my father's sake. I must have an answer. Yours in much hope."

For a moment the room was silent about Mr. Winston, so excited

carrying Sixty-six up as steady as a master hand was at the wheel. If the present rate of speed would easily make Woodville. Long Woods were passed, scene of the late fire. Then was crossed, and Dick began reassured.

NG AMERICANS



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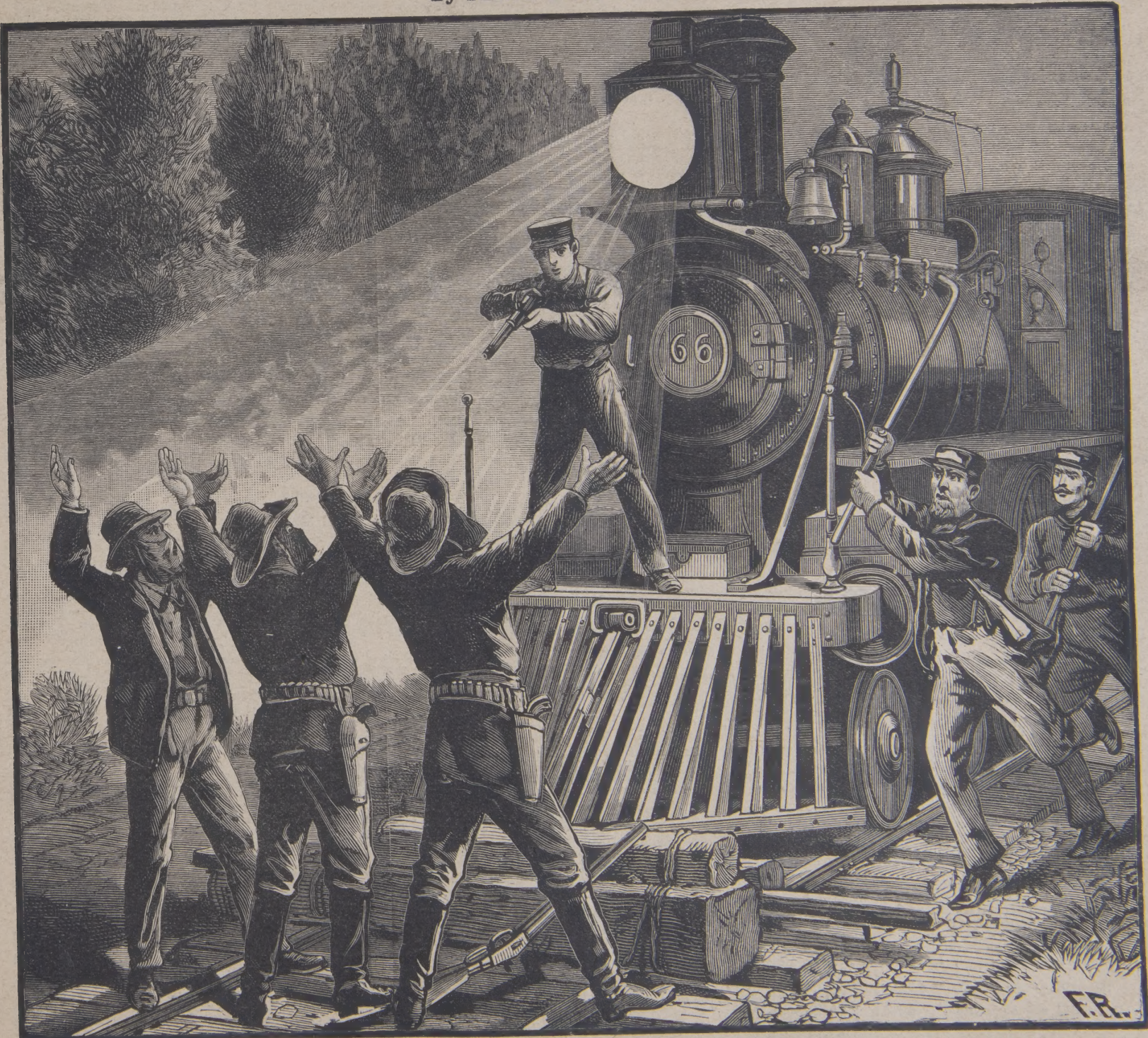
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No. 7

# DICK, THE APPRENTICE BOY; OR, BOUND TO BE AN ENGINEER.

A Thrilling Story of Railroad Life.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.



The young engineer had located the train robbers. They were three masked men standing by the obstruction. They had fired at the cab and were totally unprepared for the sudden appearance of the daring young engineer, who, quick as a flash, sprang down upon the cowcatcher, with rifle at his shoulder, covering them instantly, and shouted: "Hands up, or you die!"

FRANK CHAS. KNIGHT  
Novels, Bought and Sold  
Books - Exchange  
BELL PHONE, RIDGE 349 X.



## Dick, the Apprentice Boy.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

## CHAPTER IV.

## DICK AT HOME.

For a moment David Ducrow was abashed by the resolute manner and righteous wrath of Mr. Winston. He fairly cowered before his stern gaze.

Dick and Janet had both arisen. The young girl's eyes were filled with scorn. Ducrow for a moment fumbled nervously with his hat.

"Then you refuse?" he snapped.

"You have my answer!"

"Very well!" flashed the villain turning to the door. "The day is near when you will see the folly of your decision. You have not heard the last of this!"

The door slammed behind him. Mr. Winston sank back in his chair. His face was white and set. Janet stamped her little foot.

"The mean scoundrel!" she flashed, "if I was a man I would cane him. How insolent he is. He will make his threats good if he can!"

"I am sorry that I have been the cause of all this trouble!" began Dick.

"No, Dick," interposed Mr. Winston. "You are not to blame. He hates me as well as you. Some time since he endeavored to pay attentions to Janet, but I forbid him the house."

Janet's face flushed crimson.

"And he is mean enough to thirst for revenge," she said.

Dick drew himself up.

"He shall not harm either of you while I live!" he declared grandly.

Janet and her father both laughed.

"Oh, we are sure of your friendship, Dick," said Mr. Winston, "but it is unfortunate that Ducrow has a grip on our railroad. However, we will hope for the best."

A short while later Mr. Winston's carriage was at the door, and he and Janet drove home.

Dick went first to the round house and then to his own home. The incidents of the past twenty-four hours had been so thrilling and varied that he felt giddy and not a little confused.

As he entered his home he came into the presence of Mrs. Mains and Alice, who were engaged in preparing the evening meal.

With a cry of joy Mrs. Mains sprang forward with open arms.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried, "I am so glad you have come safely home. We have been so worried all about you. Mr. Winston was kind enough to send us word that you had had a fearful run through the burning woods and—"

"And come near burning up!" said Dick, with a laugh; "but you see your fears were all for naught."

"I am so glad, my boy, for though you are flesh and blood of another I could not love you more if you were my own son."

"And your own son could not love you more," said Dick, heartily.

"But poor Dan Roby—"

A change came over Dick's face.

"Poor Dan!" he said, reverently, "he was one of my best friends. I trust he is happy in another world."

"Then we must not wish him back," said Widow Mains, "but you must be hungry, Dick. Come, Alice, be spry and get Dick some supper!"

Alice Mains had been eagerly taking in the scene with shining eyes and rose-tinted cheeks. She instantly sprang up with this summons.

But Dick turned to her with open arms and a smile, and cried:

"But has my sister no welcome for me?"

"Indeed she has," cried Mrs. Mains with a laugh. "You should have seen her last night when you did not come home. She nearly had a fit."

Alice Mains was a rarely beautiful girl. She and Dick had been a loving brother and sister. Indeed each thought the other without equal on the face of the earth, and many times Dick thought of childish vows made years before, and said to himself:

"When I get ready to marry Alice shall have my heart."

But even as this thought came to him another charming face rose before him and recalled petite Janet Winston. But this would result in a shrug of the shoulders, and *so to voice*:

"Pshaw! she would never have me. She is the daughter of a millionaire, and I am only a poor engineer. Alice loves me, and would be content with me!"

Alice Mains was in Dick's arms in a moment, and he kissed her on her fair brow. Then she disengaged herself, and said laughingly:

"I suppose you are as hungry as a bear, Dick?"

"Well, I could eat something," replied the young engineer, "and you know what I like best."

After the evening meal was concluded Dick picked up his cap and said:

## If you want 50 Rare Foreign Postage Stamps

come a philatelist, which means a collector him the opportunity, for we have lot of foreign postage stamps which HAPPY DAYS.

## Cut this Out and Save It.

## COUPON No. 6

WILL APPEAR

## In the Next Number.

"Well, mother, I think I will go down to the round-house and look after sixty-six. I can hardly believe that I have risen from apprentice boy to the position of special engineer."

Mrs. Mains glanced out of the window and shivered a trifle; then she said:

"Are you obliged to go, Dick?"

The young engineer was surprised.

"Do you object?" he asked.

Mrs. Mains looked at him affectionately and said:

"I don't know, Dick, but I have had a queer presentiment of evil lately. It seems as if something dreadful was about to happen. It is a very dark night. It may seem foolish of me, but—"

"Well, what?"

Mrs. Mains drew a deep breath.

"They say that there is a very rough gang of highwaymen about town now, the Black Jake gang. You might be waylaid by them."

Dick laughed a hearty peal.

"So you have that bugaboo story?" he cried.

"Well, mother, I am not the least bit afraid of Black Jake or his cut-throat crew. In any event they would have no motive in attacking me, for I have no money about me!"

"But—this Ducrow, who has uttered such dark threats against you. It will be well to be on your guard!"

"I do not fear him!" replied Dick, resolutely. "If these are your only reasons for my not going out to-night, mother, I beg you to put them aside."

"Well," said the widow with a sigh, "if your duty calls you, Dick—"

"I believe it does, mother. But don't worry, I will come back early."

Then Dick pulled his cap down close and sprang out into the darkness. As he went on down the street the words of his foster-mother kept recurring to him.

He was not inclined to alarm, yet he decided to keep his eyes open. He knew well that Ducrow was an unscrupulous wretch and might do him harm.

He reached the round-house, and found nobody there. The door was locked, but having a key, Dick entered.

Old Sixty-Six was upon the rails, in the pink of condition. Jerry Dane, the stoker, had cleaned her all up, and she was ready for a run, save blowing up fresh steam.

Satisfied that all was well in the round-house, Dick felt that he could now safely return home, and indulge in much needed sleep.

But just as he was about to turn away, a voice came out of the gloom.

"Hello, Dick! Is that you?"

"Hardy Davis!" exclaimed Dick, in surprise. "What brings you out here?"

"I am looking for you!"

"For me?"

"Yes!"

As the young telegrapher now stood in the light of the round-house lamp, he was seen to be pale and trembling. Dick pulled him into the building, and shut the door.

"Come now, Hardy, what's up?" he asked, sharply. "What's wrong, anyway?"

The young operator hesitated, and then laughed in a careless fashion.

"Perhaps I'm foolish," he said in a whisper, "but—I'll tell you. I was coming across a vacant lot down here just now when I heard a number of men talking. They had seemingly met there by appointment. I heard them mention Mr. Winston's name, so I listened. They were actually, as near as I could make out, discussing the holding up of the midnight special to-night."

Dick was astounded.

"Black Jake's gang!" he gasped.

"I believe they were."

"Can it be possible? Are you quite sure you heard aright?"

"I am."

"Mr. Winston must know of this!"

## A GREAT SUCCESS!

## Thousands of Funny Faces Have Been Sent In By Readers of Happy Days.

We publish a few of them below. Space will not allow us to print more in this number, but every number of HAPPY DAYS, from now until competition closes, will contain a few of the funniest faces sent in by its readers.

## Be Sure and Follow Directions as Printed Below.

You will find on page 2 of this paper a blank circle.

See if you can make a funny face from it with only four strokes of a pen.

We will give the following prizes to our readers who send us the funniest faces:

Cut out this Coupon and send it to Art Editor, "Happy Days," 34 and 36 North Moore Street, N. Y.

"I have told him but he does not give it credence."

"That is very strange!" said Dick. "I will have a talk with him. Let us go down to the station."

Accordingly they left the round-house and went down to the depot. Quite a crowd was on the platform waiting for the special to go out. Dick and Hardy Davis went to Mr. Winston's office.

As a general thing the magnate did not come down to his office in the evening, but this was a special occasion.

A certain gold mining company farther west were to send one million dollars worth of bullion through in an express car and this was to be hitched onto the special for Woodville. For the purpose of making up the train Mr. Winston had come down.

As Dick and Hardy now entered Mr. Winston greeted them warmly. Dick opened the subject at once.

Mr. Winston listened with interest and not a little of surprise. Yet he did not seem greatly concerned.

"I hardly think they would dare to hold up a train on our line!" he said. "It is a thing which has never been done!"

"And yet this may be the exception," said Dick.

"Very true!" agreed Mr. Winston. "Yet the express car has armed guards. We will not borrow trouble!"

This easy disposition of the matter made Dick and Hardy feel that they had been foolishly apprehensive, and they were about to leave when Mr. Winston wheeled suddenly around and cried:

"Dick, it will oblige me greatly if you will take that train down to Woodville to-night."

Dick gave a start. A flood of startling recollections swept over him. He recalled the peculiar premonition experienced by Mrs. Mains, and her warning.

A less nery man might have faltered; but this was not Dick's way.

"Very well, sir," he said, coolly; "I will do the best I can."

"I know you will, my boy," said Mr. Winston, cheerily. "I feel I can depend on you."

A few moments later Dick and Hardy were in the outer office.

The young telegraph operator opened a closet door, and took a Winchester rifle down from its hooks.

"Here, Dick," he said, "take this into the cab with you. I feel that you may need it."

"Thank you," replied Dick. "One thing more—will you tell my mother and Alice that I have gone out with the special?"

"I will," was the reply.

## CHAPTER V.

## DUCROW AGAIN SHOWS HIS HAND.

JERRY DANE, the stoker, had been notified and had gone up to the round house to start the furnace in Sixty-six. The old locomotive speedily acquired a full head of steam.

So that all was ready when the time came for the starting of the special, and Dick Mains was on hand.

Springing aboard, the young engineer ran the old locomotive out over the turntable and down to the car house. Here two cars were taken on in addition to the regular train.

Already the special with the treasure car was in the depot. Armed men were aboard the express car, but not in sight.

A curious crowd was in the depot to see the train go out.

It had become noised abroad that an immense treasure from the Pine Hill mines was to be carried over the road that night. The people gazed curiously at the car which held the millions of gold ore.

"By Jove!" exclaimed one man, in the crowd, "are they going to let that young Dick Mains run the train out? He is cer-

tainly on the engine. Why, he is nothing but an engineer's apprentice."

"That may be," said another in the crowd, "but you must remember that he carried his train safely through the Long Woods fire. That has made his reputation."

"Yet it should take more than that to qualify him for the berth of regular engineer."

"He is there by Winston's orders, and we cannot deny that he knows his business."

"Yet it seems foolish to put a boy onto such a job. Suppose Black Jake should try to hold up the train?"

"Humph! I believe that boy has more grit to the square inch than any other man on the road."

"You may be right."

Mr. Winston at this moment appeared on the platform. He went along to the cab, and spoke a few words to Dick.

"Dick," he said, "I want you to do your best. A great deal depends on you to-night."

"Rest assured, sir, I shall," replied the apprentice boy.

"You must understand that I have assumed a great responsibility in placing you in the cab of this locomotive with your limited experience."

"If you have doubts, sir," began Dick—"No, no!" said the railway magnate, quickly. "I have unlimited confidence in you. It is not that!"

Dick saw an odd light in his employer's eyes, and said:

"What, sir?"

"I will tell you, Dick. That scamp Ducrow has been trying to make trouble for us. He has been to all the directors, representing to them that I am jeopardizing human lives in allowing an inexperienced boy to run an express train—"

Dick's face flushed hotly.

"The mean cur!" he exclaimed.

"Just so!" said Mr. Winston. "But I thought I would tell you how affairs stood."

"I thank you, sir!" replied Dick, sincerely. "Were David Ducrow president of this road, I would not run a locomotive over it. But for you, I will risk my life."

Mr. Winston grasped Dick's hand.

"I know it, my boy!" he said, "and I will stand by you through thick and thin."

"Thank you, Mr. Winston. You can depend upon me. I will take this train through safely."

"Ducrow is going to make it as unpleasant for us as he can. He has stirred the directors of the road all up. There will be a meeting of the board next week, and the rascal will try and have me thrown out of office if he can!"

Dick's eyes flashed.

"That would be infamous!" he cried, "they could never fill your place, Mr. Winston."

The magnate laughed.

"Not quite so strong as that, Dick," he said, "but we will beat him if we can. We must hang together, for your promotion will be the issue, and I want you to show a handsome record."

"I will do all I can!" said Dick, with swelling resolves.

"Since Davis brought me the report of that conversation which he overheard about holding up the train, I have been somewhat worried. Are you armed?"

Dick pointed to the rifle hanging on the hooks in the cab.

"Davis loaned me that!" he said, "and I know how to use it."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Winston, heartily. "May fortune favor you, Dick!"

And he was about to turn away. But at this moment three men came along the platform.

"Ah, Winston," said the foremost, who was no other than Ducrow, "you're just the man we want to see!"



"Well!" said Winston, stiffly. He bowed pleasantly to the others whom he recognized as directors of the road. But Ducrow said:

"We understand there is a large treasure aboard this train, to be transported over our line for the Pine Hill Mining Co."

"That is true!"

"Of course we all know that we are assuming no slight risk in the undertaking. If the treasure is lost, we are directly responsible. It would bankrupt the road."

"No doubt it would!"

"Then you will understand why we as stockholders are naturally interested."

"Which is all proper enough," said Mr. Winston. "I need only say that all precautions have been taken and the train is in good hands."

At this moment the starting gong rang. The conductor shouted "all aboard," passengers rushed to their seats, and Dick opened the throttle. The next moment the train was off.

Mr. Winston and his companions watched the train vanish into the darkness. There was a lurid light in Ducrow's eyes.

"Are you quite sure you have done your duty as president of this road, Mr. Winston?" asked Ducrow, sharply.

This angered Mr. Winston. He turned to the villain.

"What do you mean, sir?" he demanded.

"Have you placed this train in competent hands? If I am not mistaken that boy, Dick Mains, was in the cab."

"He was!" replied Winston, bluntly; "but what of that?"

"Much!" declared Ducrow, savagely. "In the presence of Mr. Grant and Mr. Page here, two of our directors, I enter a protest against your intrusting the property of this road and the lives of its passengers in such incompetent hands."

"It does seem a trifle reckless, Mr. Winston," said Director Page.

"I think so," chimed in Grant.

Mr. Winston drew himself up. He towered above Ducrow in his absolute dignity as he said:

"Gentlemen, I am the duly elected president and manager of this railroad. I follow out what I believe to be a proper and safe course. I object to such harsh criticism. I object to Mr. Ducrow's dictatorial words. If I am considered incompetent to judge the capabilities of my employees then there is one course for you to pursue. You know what it is. The election of officers occurs next Thursday night. Do as you see fit!"

"That shall be our redress then," said Ducrow, triumphantly. "Next Thursday night we will endeavor to make a good stroke in the interest of reform."

Mr. Winston, however, had turned and was walking away down the platform. He was in a much disturbed state of mind.

Since his election to the office of president of the road, he had been derelict in duty in no single instance. Faithfully and well he had served.

It therefore now somewhat hurt his feelings and his sense of honor that the directors of the road should so unkindly requite him.

He understood well the advantage held by Ducrow.

The fact that the broker owned one-third of the stock was a powerful lever. Moreover he would use every effort to poison the minds of the directors.

Mr. Winston was by far too dignified and honorable to attempt to contravert this game of his foes by any political work.

"My record must bear me through," he said, resolutely. "I will stand by it!"

He called for his carriage and was driven home. But he said to the driver at the mansion steps:

"John, you need not unhitch the horses. I shall drive back to the depot in a couple of hours. Be on hand at that time."

Then he entered the house.

As he entered the parlor a light form came flying into his arms.

"Oh, father!" cried Janet, for she it was. "I am so glad you have come home. Are you quite well?"

The pallid, anxious face, of the railroad president belied his words, as he said:

"Quite well, my child. And you—"

He held her fair face between his hands and received a shock. She was pale and her eyes were swollen as if she had been weeping.

"Why, Janet, child! What has happened to you?"

"Nothing, father," replied the young girl, "at least not of any consequence. I must not trouble you with my trivial affairs!"

"To whom should you go?" cried the parent, anxiously. "You must and shall tell me all, child!"

He drew her to a seat and tried to read the trouble in her eyes. She faltered as she said:

"I—I despise that man, father. I don't see why he should persecute me so persistently."

"What man?" gasped Winston, then with comprehension—"do you mean Ducrow?"

"Yes."

"What? tell me all, child! Upon my word, I shall be compelled to thrash him. What has he done now?"

Without a word Janet placed a letter in her father's hands. The latter read it with varied emotions.

"DEAR MISS WINSTON:

"Not long since I declared to you my passion and begged that I be allowed to occupy the foremost place in your heart. You declined me with much rudeness, but I am now in a position which I think entitles me to some little consideration at your hands. Your father has fallen into great disfavor with the directors of the D. and W. Railroad. His certain downfall and ruin are imminent. I can save him, and if you will give me one ray of hope I shall stand his friend. Remember that this sacrifice you cannot refuse to make for your father's sake. I must have an immediate answer. Yours in much hope,

"DAVID DUCROW."

For a moment the room seemed to reel about Mr. Winston, so excited was he.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A DARING DEED.

MR. WINSTON crushed the offensive missive in his hand and then turning slowly, faced his daughter.

"Janet," he said, in a steely voice, "I hope you have made no answer to this cowardly, insulting epistle?"

"No, father," replied the young girl. "How could I answer him? For your sake I would sacrifice much, but—"

"You will never make a sacrifice like that for any one while I live!" cried the magnate angrily. "I doubt if I shall be able to control myself when this Ducrow and I shall meet again. The consummate scoundrel! He deserves a coat of tar and feathers!"

"But is it true, father, that you are in such unfortunate circumstances?" asked Janet.

"I think not, my daughter. I may be deposed from office through the machinations of this villain, but I don't see how he can ruin me unless—"

Like a stunning shock came a sudden realization to Mr. Winston.

"Can it be?" he muttered. "He is a powerful stockholder. It would entitle him to the greatest consideration. Perhaps he could get the necessary proxies to accomplish his own election. David Ducrow, President of the D. & W. My God! he would be in a position then to ruin me. But it can't come to pass."

The railroad magnate paced the floor like one overwrought with nervous strain. Janet was quite unable to comfort him.

He grew calmer after awhile and said:

"Go to your room, Janet child, and leave me for awhile. I have some serious work to do."

Janet obeyed, going to her chamber to spend a sleepless night. Mr. Winston went into his library.

Here he worked for hours, poring over old papers and bonds, and fortifying himself for the shock which he knew threatened.

It was long past midnight when he heard the front bell ring violently. A moment later a servant came into the library.

"A telegram for you, sir!" he said. Mr. Winston instantly burst the seal and read, with awful horror congealing his blood:

"CALEB WINSTON:

"A report has reached here (Woodville) that the Pine Hill special was held up in Deep Woods, and the train robbers, under Black Jake, have secured the treasure on board. Will wire further particulars later."

"Yours hastily,

"J. BURNHAM,

"Local Agent."

Mr. Winston read the dispatch twice slowly, then drawing a deep breath he picked up his hat and left the house. A few moments later his carriage was flying down the driveway on the way to the D. & W. depot.

Dick Mains did not forget the words of Mr. Winston as he opened the throttle and sent the locomotive Sixty-six thundering over the switches.

He understood well the awful responsibility which hung over his youthful shoulders. Yet he did not shrink from the ordeal, nor was he otherwise than cool and collected.

The night was as black as a pocket, and the headlight of the locomotive could hardly pierce the dense gloom.

Jerry Dane, the stoker, was busy for a time shoveling in coal. When he had finished, he suddenly reached over to Dick and shouted:

"What's all this guff I've heard about this train being likely to be held up?"

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Dick, steadily. "At any rate, Jerry, we won't borrow trouble!"

"That we won't," laughed the stoker. "Unless they make us jump the track they'll never catch us."

"You're right there."

Yet Dick was constrained to keep a constant watch of the track ahead. He had no

desire to strike an obstruction if he could help it.

On and on, through the night, sped the special with lightning speed. Dick was carrying Sixty-six up as steady as a clock.

A master hand was at the throttle, and if the present rate of speed was held, they would easily make Woodville on time.

Long Woods were passed through, the scene of the late fire. Then Black River was crossed, and Dick began to feel much reassured.

It seemed almost a certainty that the suspicion of train wrecking was an elaborate bugaboo. Yet Dick was on the alert.

He remembered an intensely dark stretch of wood and swamp tract, known as Deep Woods, a few miles further on.

It was not an unlikely place for the train robbers to be stationed. When the train dashed into these depths, Dick tightened his grip on the lever, and leaned far out of the cab.

Beyond the radius of the headlight all was an inky wall. Suddenly Dick gave a start.

Jerry Dane was at the opposite window. Both saw the same object. Far down the track was a swinging light.

What was it? To Dick it looked like a lantern being violently swung round and round. This was a signal of danger.

The young engineer drew a deep breath. What was to be done? Was the train really to be held up? Or was the lantern in the hands of some faithful road employee to warn them that a bridge was down or the ballast caved in.

Whichever it was, Dick was conscious that it was the safer and wiser way for him to hold up, or at least slacken speed.

He did so, and the train dropped its speed materially, the air brakes holding it steady. Down into the deeper woods it ran.

And now a warning cry burst from Jerry Dane's lips.

"Look out, Dick! There is an obstruction on the track!"

The young engineer closed the throttle, jammed the brake valve down hard, and brought the train up not twenty yards from a pile of log sleepers and stones which blocked the track.

"Great Scott! we're in for it, Dick!" cried Jerry. "We're held up!"

"Not yet!" cried Dick, as he was about to throw back the lever.

But a stentorian voice shouted from the gloom:

"Don't reverse or ye're dead men. We've got the drop on ye. What's more the track is up behind ye!"

Dick paused. He was for a moment in a quandary.

He knew that the robbers in the gloom could easily see him and the whole interior of the cab.

In that case it was an easy matter for them to shoot him. There was no use in being foolhardy or throwing one's life away.

Dick did some tall thinking in those few seconds of time. Then he made up his mind what to do.

"Hands up, both of ye!" yelled a voice from the darkness. "Quick or ye're dead men!"

Dick acted with lightning-like rapidity. "Down, Jerry!" he whispered, hoarsely. "Down flat in the cab!"

Quick as thought Dick grabbed an iron bar. He kicked the door of the furnace shut and with a blow of the bar smashed the cab lamp placing the interior of the cab in darkness.

Crack—crack!

Bullets came flying through the cab window. But Jerry, lying upon the cab floor, could not be harmed, and Dick—well, he was not there.

With the darkening of the cab Dick had seized his rifle from its hooks and dashed through the cab door out upon the bridge. The body of the locomotive concealed him, while the glare of the headlight also helped him.

The young engineer had located the train robbers. They were three masked men standing by the obstruction. They had fired at the cab and were totally unprepared for the sudden appearance of the daring young engineer, who, quick as a flash, sprang down upon the cowcatcher, with rifle at his shoulder, covering them instantly, and shouted:

"Hands up or you die!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONLY THE BEST AUTHORS OF JUVENILE STORIES CONTRIBUTE TO THE COLUMNS OF HAPPY DAYS.

The theaters in Japan have a novel method of pass-checks which are positively non-transferable. When a person wishes to leave the theater before the close of the performance, with the intention of returning, he goes to the doorkeeper and holds out his right hand. The doorkeeper then, with a rubber stamp, imprints on the palm the mark of the establishment.

## A LITTLE FUN.

"Timmins' father says he is going to cut him off with a shilling." "What did Timmins say?" "He asked if he couldn't arrange to leave him out of the will entirely and give him the shilling now."

Mrs. O'Dooley—Phwat does it say on the back o' this binch we're sittin' on? Mrs. Mulgrew—It says "For women only." Mrs. O'Dooley—Let us move on an' ax a peeler to direct us to a ladies' binch. We're out o' place here intirely.

Ikey—Our dermomedder vos proke, bopper, should I buy a new vunt? Mr. Cohenowski—Not chust now, Ikey, de vedder vos too yarm, dermomedders vos too high now, wait till about de first of Chantry and dey vill pe down.

Miss Stiller—I don't see how you can bring yourself to marry him. His small stature makes him look absolutely insignificant. Miss Chipper—Yes; but there is nothing of that sort the matter with his salary.

Dude—She is a pretty girl, and she is rich. Now the question is, has she got good sense? Candid Chum—You can find that out very easy. Ask her to marry you, and if she accepts, then you can safely put her down as a fool.

"Yes, snails have eyes. They are right at the ends of his horns." "I wish my eyes were fixed that way; then I could stick them through the knot-holes in the fence and see all the ball games for nothin'."

"I understand," said the detective, "that you had a clew to the whereabouts of Crookles, the famous criminal." "Yes," replied his brother officer, "a slight one." "What was it?" "A man came to me and said he was Crookles and wanted to give himself up because he was tired of eluding justice." "What did you do?" "Nothing. He couldn't prove his identity."

"I wish I had money; I would like to be a solid man." "There is only one chance for you, colonel." "What is that?" "Go to Alaska. It is cold enough there to freeze whisky. That's the only chance I see for you to become a solid man."

Book Agent—If you buy this book, sir, I'll guarantee that you will learn at least one thing that will save you lots of money. Man of the House—I will take it. What will it teach me? "Never to buy another book from a book agent."

Little Boy—Dr. Knowitt says that peoples most always eat too much. Mother—I presume that is true. Little Boy—Well, if peoples would jus' let their childrens eat all they wants to, there wouldn't be so much left for the peoples to eat themselves.

Mrs. Kash—How prettily our new servant speaks! Mr. Kash—I hadn't noticed it. Mrs. Kash—She must be an educated person. She invariably says "tatoes" and "sparrow-grass" instead of "taters" and "sparrr-grass" like the illiterate servants we have had in the house before. Nothing pleases me like proper pronunciation.

## INTERESTING ITEMS.

In Vienna the servant girl is not permitted to climb out on the window sill to clean windows without a safety belt and rope attached to it, which fastens to the building, so that in case she should slip or lose her balance she is suspended in safety, and can be drawn back into the window.

John Phillips, a fireman of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, at Tamanend, Pa., received his pay the other day about \$80. As he mounted the engine with the money in his hand the whole amount, which was in paper, was pulled from his grasp into the fire box by the draught and was burned.

The Dutch have worked out the tramp question to what they consider a final conclusion. The State maintains a farm of fifty thousand acres, and every man applying for relief is sent there to earn his living. If a man won't work he is sent to a labor colony where he has to work; but if he shows a disposition to get ahead and learns how to cultivate the soil, the State rents a small farm to him, where he is left to his own resources.

A bull-fighter was gored to death in Madrid in the presence of 16,000 spectators. He had just stabbed the poor animal, the matador and bull dying together. Notwithstanding the excitement, the barbarous performance went on, two other fighters being injured, and fifteen horses and several bulls being killed before the audience had had their fill of horrors. The fighter who was killed was a renowned matador. He had amassed a large fortune, and was about to retire from the bull-ring and get married.

There is a bird in China called the sienhoh, on the crown of the head of which there is a beautiful scarlet tuft of down or velvet skin, which, the natives believe, contains the poison of the serpent it is fond of eating. This downy crest is very often formed into a bead, and that bead is concealed in the ornamental necklaces of the high officers for a suicidal purpose, in case of imperial displeasure, which, as report goes, is easily effected by merely touching the venomous bead with the tip of the tongue, when death follows instantly.

Edward Foerster, a druggist in Brooklyn, N. Y., had an Irish setter pup. A towel a little larger than a napkin customarily hung from the end of a counter. The pup was about eight months old and exceedingly fond of play. It would play with anything, but its particular delight was the towel. It would pull and chew at the towel for an hour at a time. A few days ago the druggist on entering his store found the pup in great agony in one corner. He gave the animal some medicine, but it didn't seem to afford any relief. Two days afterward the pup died. The druggist had an autopsy performed, and a towel which had hung from the counter was found in the stomach.



[This story commenced in No. 3.]

# The Boss of the Boat Club;

OR,

## DICK DASHWELL'S SCHOOLDAYS.

By FRANK FORREST.

Author of "The Prince of Rockdale School," "Expelled from School; or, the Rebels of Beechdale," "The Boy Schoolmaster," "Dick Dashaway's Schooldays," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### SAVED.

"By thunder, Clint, this business is bad enough without you making it worse by blubbering like a big bull calf!"

"I—I can't help it, Dick! We—we shall be drowned sure, we shall be carried out to sea! Oh, what shall we do—what shall we do?"

And Clint began to boo-hoo once more. It was very exasperating to Dick Dashwell.

They were tied hand and foot in the bottom of the boat.

Worse still, there was a big stone fastened to their legs.

If anything should happen to upset the boat nothing could save them.

They would sink to the bottom of the Sound like lead and never rise again.

Such was the situation immediately after the startling events described in the last chapter.

But bad as their situation was, Dick was for trying to better it.

"Stop that noise, Clint! Stop it!" he cried. "Let's try to think of some plan of escape."

"Oh, we can't escape! We can't do it, Dick."

"Yes, you can! I'm going to help you. There's no danger at all!" spoke a voice out of the fog.

At the same instant the gunwale was seized and Jack Ring, all dripping, came climbing into the boat.

"Heavens! Is it you?" gasped Dick.

"Well, it ain't anybody else, unless you like to call me No. 9," laughed Jack, shaking himself as though he were a great dog.

"We thought you were dead."

"Not much."

"But the shots?"

"Ah! I only called out that I was shot to deceive them and keep them from firing any more."

"And you were swimming for the boat all the time?"

"Certainly. They must have crawled out on that rock we ran against. But I've done with them forever now I suppose. Hold on! We won't talk any more till I've set you fellows free."

This was done in an instant.

Jack whipped out a knife, cut the cords, and tumbled the stones into the water.

"There, that settles it!" he exclaimed.

"All we've got to do now is to pull ashore."

Fortunately the oars had remained in the boat the time it tipped.

Jack seized them and began pulling as though nothing had occurred.

"Can't I help?" asked Dick.

"No, no! It ain't necessary."

"You are sure you know where you are going?"

"As sure as I can be in this infernal fog."

Dick was silent for a few moments. Somehow he felt rather overawed by Jack's coolness.

There were a thousand questions he wanted to ask, but several moments passed before he could bring himself to speak again.

But it had to be.

Dick was determined to have an explanation.

"Are you really a detective?" was the first question he put.

"I am."

"You called yourself Harry Hawk. I've often heard of his doings in the papers."

"I'm Harry Hawk."

"I've seen you called the 'Boy Detective.'"

"I'm only nineteen, and I don't look over sixteen. There's no reason why I shouldn't be so called."

"Well, whatever you are, I'm sure we are most awfully obliged to you—ain't we, Clint?"

"Of course," said Clint, rather sulkily.

It was noticeable that Clint seemed to completely subside in the presence of Harry Hawk.

"Don't say a word about it," was the reply. "I've only done my duty."

"I wish some one had done as much for poor Tom and Pete Mulford," replied Dick. "I suppose there's no hope for them!"

"Don't give it up. They may turn up all right yet."

"Do you really think so?"

"I'm determined not to think anything else. Now look here, fellows, I suppose you want to know what all this means?"

"I own up that for my part I'm just crazy to know," said Dick.

"And you shall know part of it. Listen. I am a detective. I was sent up here to find out who set fire to the Baymouth mills."

"These masked men are part of a desperate gang of counterfeiters and thieves. They think that I'm one of them—or at

"You don't mean to insinuate—"

"That you fired the box yard between the mill and Mr. Trueman's house? Oh, no! You didn't do that!"

"Does anybody say we did?" demanded Clint hotly.

"No. Let me tell you what you sneaked out of the dormitory for that night."

"You can say what you like."

"I say it was to bore a hole in the Lily, and you did it. To-night you were going to the old fort where you and your gang have been in the habit of meeting to play poker, to plot, to—"

"Stop!" interrupted Clint suddenly. "I own it all up—it's true. Dick Dashwell, can you ever forgive me? I would be a mean fellow indeed if I stood out against you any longer after what has happened to-night."

"Hooray!" cried Jack. "You're more of a man than I thought you were."

"Don't say a word about it, Clint," said

The screw ceased to grind and the hoarse whistle of the tug was heard. It was much nearer than the boys had supposed.

In a few moments they saw the black outline of the tug looming up in the darkness.

"Now, then, boys, not a word of all that has happened," breathed Jack, "otherwise you'll spoil all my plans, for I'm out to bring those scoundrels to justice, and I wouldn't have them escape me for the world!"

But Jack's plans were all upset by what happened next.

They were alongside the tug in a moment, and willing hands were extended to help them on board.

Judge of Dick Dashwell's astonishment when he saw, leaning over the rail, Tom Crocker and Pete Mulford. It was too much for Dick.



JUDGE OF DICK DASHWELL'S ASTONISHMENT WHEN HE SAW, LEANING OVER THE RAIL, TOM CROCKER AND PETE MULFORD. IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR DICK. EVEN CLINT TIBBETTS CAUGHT HIS ENTHUSIASM. "BY GRACIOUS, THERE THEY ARE! THERE THEY ARE!" SHOUTED DICK, "HOORAY, HOORAY, HOORAY!"

least, they did think so until to-night, but now I suppose my secret is no longer a secret, unless those two scoundrels, by good luck, happen to be drowned.

"That's all there is about it, boys, except that I'm mighty glad I happened to be on hand to save you. If you want to know any more you'll have to question me, and I'll answer if I can."

"Well, we'd like to know how you got there in the cave for one thing," said Dick.

"Same as you did. Floated into the Gooseneck, went up on Dungeon Rock and so down into the cave."

"You knew the way?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did you see what became of the rest of the fellows?"

"No. I know nothing of them, but this: I saw a tug heading for the wreck."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes."

"We didn't see it."

"You were rattled. Is that all?"

"I don't know as there is anything else. I don't want to ask you about your business."

"I wouldn't be any use, for I shouldn't tell you. Well, you, Tibbetts, what have you got to say?"

"Nothing," replied Clint, sulkily.

"Humph! You don't want to tell what you and your friend were doing near the Baymouth Mills in a boat the night they burned."

Clint started.

"Who says we were there?"

"No matter. I know you were there, and that's enough."

Dick, quietly. "We can't afford to quarrel after what has happened to-night."

"But I want to say this much. My father will make this all right with you, Mr—"

"Jack—Jack Ring!"

"All right if that's what you want to be called. My father—"

"Your father ain't in it. I want nothing to do with him," retorted Jack. "Now then, you fellows listen! What do you hear?"

"Breakers!" cried Clint.

"No; it's the screw of a steamer grinding," said Dick.

"Dick's right and Clint is wrong. It is a steamer!" exclaimed Jack, "and it wouldn't surprise me a bit if it was the same tug I saw after the wreck."

"Shall we hail it?" asked Dick.

"Hold up a minute. We are getting nearer."

Jack pulled for all he was worth now. Through the fog the sound could be heard more and more distinctly.

Suddenly Jack gave a loud shout:

"Ahoy there! Ahoy! Ahoy!"

"Hello!" came the answer. "Who are you?"

"What craft is that?"

"The tug, Bellefonte, from New London, bound for Baymouth!"

"We—are—lost! Can—you—take—us aboard?" yelled Jack.

"Yes, if we can find you!" came the answer.

"Lay—to—and—blow—your—whistle!"

"Aye, aye!"

Even Clint Tibbetts caught his enthusiasm.

"By gracious, there they are! There they are!" shouted Dick. "Hooray, hooray, hooray!"

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### DETECTIVE WORK.

"Dick! Hey, Dick! Open the door!" Dick Dashwell jumped out of bed in a hurry.

It was the same old dormitory and near midnight again about a week after the stirring adventures down the bay.

"What's the row?" asked Tom Crocker, raising his head sleepily. "Didn't I hear some one calling outside the door?"

"Yes; it's Jack."

"Oh, what's he want now?"

"That's what I propose to find out," said Dick, as he softly opened the door.

Jack Ring came gliding into the room.

"Say, fellows," he whispered as he closed the door, "do you want to join me in a little detective work?"

"Do we—why of course we do," said Dick; "but there's one thing, Jack."

"Which is?"

"I'm not going to sneak out against the rules any more."

"Ha, ha! Is that all?"

"Yes, and it's enough; I won't do it again."

"What do you say to this, old fellow?"

Somehow Jack always managed to come out ahead.

Now he produced a letter which he handed over to Dick.



It proved to be from Prof. Wiseman addressed to Dick himself, and read thus:

"Dick,—So long as you and Tom know Mr. Hawk's secret, you have my permission to join him in any enterprise he may suggest. Remember the school is, in a certain sense, at stake; for if Col. Tibbetts forecloses, I shall certainly resign my position. You will be doing me a favor if you can help Mr. Hawk in his plans. Truly yours,

JOHN WISEMAN."

"What do you say to that?" asked Jack.

"Oh, I'll go of course. Where is it and what is it?"

"Do you remember the night in Dungeon Rock, boys?"

"Can I ever forget it?" cried Dick.

"I reckon not. Do you remember what was said about the Grand Mogul?"

"I do."

"Now then, I used to know a lot about those scoundrels, but there's one thing I never could make out."

"Which is?"

"Who is the Grand Mogul?"

"Well?"

"Well, that's my work to-night, boys, if you like to help me undertake it."

"You have a clew?"

"I have."

"What is it?"

"Remember I've seen these fellows masked."

"So you said."

"The leader—the one who would have drowned you."

"Yes, yes!"

"Was in town last night and may be to-night."

"You don't mean it!"

"I do. He was here and I followed him. I want help to-night, and of course I've chosen you."

"When do we go?"

"Now—as soon as you can dress."

"I won't be five minutes!" cried Dick.

"Twon't take me three," declared Tom. And at it they went with a will.

And while they are dressing we may as well tell the end of the Dungeon Rock affair.

Fortunately we are able to record that every boy was alive and well on this night.

The tug Bellefonte did the business.

It bore down after the explosion of the Hercules and picked up Dan Burling and those whose adventures have not been already described.

As for the masked men on the tug, nothing definite was known concerning their fate, and it was the same with Captain Hodges' pilot, Bill Poole.

Nor was the cause of the explosion known.

Concerning Captain Hodges himself and the rest of the crew, Dick only knew that the captain had gone off somewhere on shore in obedience to Harry Hawk's instructions.

The captain kept a very close mouth about the whole affair.

As for Tom Crocker and Pete Mulford, they had been rescued by the Bellefonte from the other boat.

Somewhat those who pulled the boat managed to get completely turned in the fog, and the first thing they knew they ran right against the Bellefonte, which was at anchor off Hickory Point.

As soon as they discovered what they had done the two masks jumped overboard and swam ashore.

This because Tom shouted for help, and the Bellefonte's crew came tumbling out to see what the matter was.

"You ought to have seen them scoot, Dick," said Tom, in describing the scene.

"I just hollered like blazes, and when they saw where we were they tumbled overboard and were gone like a flash.

Then they took us on board the Bellefonte, and I told them all about the business, and got them to start off and look for you."

Such, in a few words, is all the explanation necessary.

Of course the story spread like wild-fire. There was simply no keeping it close.

The result was that Colonel Tibbetts and Captain Conover went down to Dungeon Rock on the Bellefonte next day with a big force of men.

They found the cave and they found the old house, but they did not find the least trace of the masked men.

People were still talking about it, but they were as much in the dark as ever.

Meanwhile not a hint had leaked out that Jack was a detective.

Clint had promised to keep the secret and he and Dick alone knew the truth.

"Ready?" whispered Jack as Dick and Tom clapped on their hats.

"All ready," said Dick.

"Come on then!"

They left the dormitory and went out by the regular gate, the old watchman who stood guard by night opening it without a word as they appeared.

"Where are we going?" asked Dick.

"To Baymouth," replied Jack, briefly.

They talked in low tones as they hurried along.

But it was mostly about their previous adventures and school matters.

The boys asked no further questions, and Jack volunteered no information.

Reaching Baymouth at last, they skirted around the ruined mill, and struck off down Mill street to Broad, and so on till they came to Col. Tibbetts' house.

"Now, then, hold up," said Jack, "and listen to me."

"Do we stop here?" asked Dick.

"We do."

"But this is Tibbetts'."

"Exactly. I'm going in."

"And what are we to do?"

"Keep guard."

"I don't understand."

"You will in a minute. Can you get over that fence without arousing the whole neighborhood?"

"Why, of course, but—"

"Hold up now! No objections, if you are going to play detective with me."

"But there's the dog anyhow!"

"No!"

"But there is! It's the worst bull dog in town."

"There was. He's dead now."

"Dead!"

"Yes; I poisoned him last night."

"Phew! You'll catch rats, if the colonel ever finds it out."

"And the dog would have caught me if I hadn't done it. Over you go now, and be as still as a mouse."

They were in the yard a moment later. Jack led the way among the shrubbery, until they were right under the library window.

There was a light burning in the library, and as they stood listening they could hear Col. Tibbetts' voice talking in low tones.

Jack held up his finger for silence, and crept nearer the window.

"I can't make out what they are saying," he breathed after a moment. "I've got to go in."

"To go in! How in the world can you get in there without being caught?" whispered Dick, who now began to understand what Jack was about.

"I'll show you. Hark! Didn't you hear something behind us then?"

"No, nothing but the wind sighing among the trees."

"Thought I did. Now look here."

Jack produced a ball of twine, the end of which he proceeded to tie to his foot.

Then he gave the ball to Tom and told him to hold it.

"Dick, you get out there by the gate and keep watch," he said. "At the first alarm, whistle. Tom will pull the string, and I'll know what's up."

"What kind of an alarm?"

"Oh, if you see any one coming."

"All right. How do you go in?"

"So."

There was a small sash set in the cellar wall, directly under the library window.

This Jack noiselessly removed.

It came out so easily that the boys concluded it must have been fixed for the purpose.

In through the window Jack crawled, feet foremost, while Dick crept back through the shrubbery to the gate.

## CHAPTER XV.

### LIVELY WORK FOR DICK.

It was destined to be a night of adventures as Dick Dashwell very speedily found out.

He had scarcely taken his place at the gate when something totally unexpected occurred.

This was the sudden opening of Colonel Tibbetts' front door.

Out on the piazza walked the colonel himself.

He was followed by a tall, dark man, with a heavy black beard and an evil face.

Dick drew back among the shrubbery. Should he whistle?

He hardly knew.

Evidently Jack's plan was spoiled, but to whistle would only make matters worse.

Dick then kept silence and listened, you may depend.

"When will you do it?" he heard Col. Tibbetts ask.

"As well to-night as any other time."

"Good! I am glad to hear you say so. The sooner the better. I am resolved to strike Trueman a blow which will grind him to the dust. Nothing can be so effectual as the plan I have proposed. Do it, Mat, and you shall have the reward."

"It's as good as done," said the man.

Then Col. Tibbetts went into the house and Mat hurried away.

Dick Dashwell stood motionless for a moment.

He could scarcely believe that he had heard what he had.

Was Col. Tibbetts really plotting to destroy Mr. Trueman?

Evidently.

Moreover, Dick had recognized the voice of Mat.

It was the voice of the masked man who had occupied the platform in the cave beneath Dungeon Rock.

Dick lost no time in returning to the cellar window once he had pulled himself together.

He was there in a moment, but to his horror he found himself alone.

"Tom! Tom! Where are you?" he breathed.

There was no answer.

Behind the library window he could still hear the voices talking.

Evidently there were others closeted with Col. Tibbetts besides Mat.

But Dick cared nothing for this now. His only thought was for Tom.

He moved around among the shrubbery here and there but could discover nothing.

He stooped down and peered in through the cellar window and whispered Jack's name.

He had scarcely got his head in at the opening when there was a sudden rush behind him, and some one seized his legs and thrust him through the window.

"Here's the other one! Do him!" he heard a voice whisper, as he struck the cellar floor and leaped to his feet unharmed.

It was a trying moment for Dick.

Instantly a man sprang upon him in the darkness.

"Choke him! Choke him!" breathed the voice. "It's one of them infernal school boys! Choke him till he croaks!"

The hands were upon Dick's throat like a flash.

But the choker soon found that he had met with his match.

Dick hauled off and dealt him a stunning blow between the eyes.

The man dropped like a stone.

Dick stood panting.

His unseen enemy neither moved nor made a sound.

A thrill of horror came over Dick Dashwell.

Had he killed the man?

Then he thought so.

Where was Jack? Where was Tom?

Where was the man who had thrust him through the cellar window?

All was as silent without as within.

Filled with a thousand fears Dick crept toward the cellar window and managed to climb out.

Everything here was as he had previously seen it.

There was no one visible.

The voices still talked in the library.

Dick, hardly knowing what to do, hurried to the gate.

He had no more than reached it when a light wagon came dashing down the street.

Dick instantly recognized the man Mat as the driver.

Seated beside him was a woman.

Her head hung down, she leaned heavily against the man's shoulder.

But as the wagon flew past Dick, by the light of Col. Tibbetts' piazza lamp, caught sight of the face.

"Heavens! It's Lily Trueman!" he gasped, as the wagon whirled around into Mill street and disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE ROSE OF THE WEST," WHICH BEGINS NEXT WEEK, IS R. T. EMMET'S BEST STORY. YOU WILL LIKE IT.

## ON

# The Night of the 9th

OR,

## OLD KING BRADY AND THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER SEEN.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE,

Author of "Brady, Greene and Sleuth," "The Two Stars," "Old King Brady and the Ventriloquist Banker," "The Great Death Diamond," etc.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SECRET OF THE MYSTERIOUS MANSION EXPOSED.

JESSE JAMES was mistaken in thinking that Carl Greene had gone with the prisoners to Ridley.

Carl had done nothing of the sort.

It is true he started off from the mysterious mansion at the head of his company.

Behind them rode the James Boys' gang. They were tied upon their own horses.

Siroc and Jim Malone were not mounted, however.

Carl had given the two famous steeds in charge of a young fellow from Littleford, who was immensely proud of the honor thus conferred upon him.

Thus the party rode away from the mysterious mansion and Jesse, watching from his hiding-place among the trees, saw them go.

Of course, as he left himself a moment later, he could not be expected to know that Carl came back again.

But this is just what the detective did.

He came stealing back alone not ten minutes later.

Looking warily this way and that, Carl glided into the mysterious house, dark lantern in hand.

"I'm not through here yet," he muttered. "For two years and more I've been looking for this place, and now that I've found it I propose to explore its secrets thoroughly."

This had been Carl's determination as soon as he discovered that Jesse James and Frank were not among the captured, as he had hoped.

And he had fully prepared for it.

Carl Greene knew just what he was about.

Entering by the front door, Carl descended to the secret room in the cellar.

Here he found six of his men awaiting him.

They were all sturdy young fellows who had pledged themselves to stand by the detective through thick and thin.

"Any news, boys?" demanded Carl, as he came into the room.

"Nothing," answered one.

"Where's Rooney, the blind man?"

"There in the corner."

"Ah, I see. Here, Rooney, I'm ready for you now."

"And what do you want of me?"

Rooney was passed along to the table beside which Carl Greene stood.

"Don't I owe you something?"

"Well, that's as you like, Mr. Greene."

"You have done me a service. You put me on to the James Boys. I have captured most of the gang."

"An' I'm glad of that!"

"But not Jesse or Frank."

"That's bad!"

"Now then, you are entitled to something for giving me this information, but before I pay I want a little more."

Rooney started.

"What do you want?" he muttered.

"To speak to you alone. Step out here."

Carl took the blind man by the arm and led him out into the passage.

"Rooney, you know very well that you are in my power," he said. "You have not forgotten that old charge of passing counterfeit money. You know—"

"Stop! What do you want?" breathed the blind man.

"Information."

"About what?"

"This house. How came you alone in the woods? Why were you so willing to guide me to this place?"

"Well, maybe I was mad with some one, boss!"

"I suspected it."

"Well, yes, it's so."

"But you'll not get rid of us so easy. From your presence here, old man, I more than suspect that I have struck the headquarters of the notorious Denzer gang of counterfeiters for which I have been searching for the last two years."

Rooney was silent.

But he trembled and was very pale.

Carl felt that he had hit him hard.

"Answer," he said. "I give you just two minutes to declare yourself. Are you with me or are you against me? Come now, my watch is in my hand."

"Suppose it's against you I say I am, what then?"

"Why, then I'll run you to the penitentiary as sure as fate."

"And you'll protect me if I do what you want?"

"Yes."

"Well, I give in."

"You're wise. Am I right?"

"Yes; I am sour on the gang."

"This is the headquarters?"

"Yes."

"These Barnacles, Bat and John, they are in it?"

"Yes."

"They are known to have come this way to-night. I expected to find them here."

"They came. They were here."

"Are they here now?"

"I guess they are."

"And others besides?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"I don't know. Ten or a dozen."

"Ah! And where?"

"Do you mean to tackle them now? They are a bad lot. Your force is small."

Carl hesitated.

But it was only for an instant.

"Yes; I'll tackle 'em. Lead on!" he said.

"Take me up-stairs, then."

It was done.

Carl called his men and explained the situation.

Noislessly they made their way up to the room in which Nat and Camille had been confined.

"For Heaven sake keep me with you, Mr. Greene," breathed the informer. "I'm tired of this life, and have been trying to get out of it for a long time. That's why I do what I am doing, but—"

"But it means death to you to fail."



Rooney groped his way toward a closet on one side of the room.

He opened the door, and, running his hand along the wall, touched some hidden spring.

Immediately the entire rear wall of the closet moved inward, revealing a passage behind.

"Follow this!" whispered Rooney. "It runs around the house between the inner and outer walls to the extreme rear. There you will find a staircase which will take you to a secret room in the attic. In that room you will find what you want."

"Ready, boys!" whispered Carl. "Fire at the first show of resistance. Remember we have to deal with desperate men."

With stealthy tread they crept on, Rooney bringing up the rear.

They passed over the same ground that Old King Brady had been led but a short time before.

In a few minutes they stood before a door.

"Is there no one here yet?" breathed Rooney.

"No," replied Carl.

"Strange! There should be a guard. I don't hear a sound."

"Nor I. Can you open the door?"

"No. You'll have to break it in."

Carl listened attentively.

He could hear nothing.

Nor could he see anything when he applied his eye to the keyhole.

"Ready, boys! I'm going to burst in the door!" he breathed.

He drew back and threw himself against it with fearful force.

The door was not calculated to resist any such assault.

It fell crashing inward.

Carl and his men burst into the room.

"Empty! Gone! Too late!" cried the detective, flashing his light around.

But he had found what he expected to find—what he had been seeking for two years.

In the room was a most perfect counterfeiter's plant.

There were presses and plates, moulds and furnace—every appliance for making the queer.

"Look out!" cried Rooney. "Look out for the trap!"

It was open before them.

The warning came none too soon.

There in the middle of the floor was the opening into which Old King Brady had been pushed.

There was an iron ladder fixed against the side of the opening, leading down into the darkness below.

"You see the way they went," said the blind man; "but they were here this night—that I solemnly declare!"

"Where does this opening lead to?" cried Carl.

"It leads underground to an island in the creek," replied the blind man promptly.

"Can you take me there?"

"I can."

"Through the passage or above ground. Which way had we better go?"

"Through the passage is the quickest, but if we go above ground we may stand a better chance of coming up with them before they leave the island."

"Quick then!" cried Carl. "To the island!"

Without the loss of a moment's time they retraced their steps.

On the other side of the house, near the secret entrance to the cellar, horses awaited them.

They mounted, and riding into the forest, left the mysterious mansion behind them.

But its secret, so long concealed, was now exposed.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### LOST! LOST! LOST!

"Is he down?"

"I didn't hear him strike."

"He must have, though. It can't be that he has caught the ladder."

"Hardly possible."

"We'll soon know. Down, boys! Carl Greene and his gang are on to us. We must gather up our traps and light out!"

Then down the iron ladder several dark figures went flying.

But Old King Brady, who had heard this much, heard no more.

For the hand which had rescued him, now drew him back into the darkness.

"Not a word! Not a sound, as you value your life!" whispered a voice in his ear.

And it was a voice which by this time the detective had learned to recognize.

It was the voice of the unknown—the man who was never seen, but who in some mysterious manner, always managed to be on hand when most needed.

To this strange person once more old King Brady owed his life.

For as the detective fell his hand came in contact with a rope stretched across the opening.

His feet struck it first.

Thus he knew it was there and was, so to speak, forewarned of what he had to do.

Desperately he clutched the rope and held on.

"Work over to the left! Work over to the left!" breathed a voice seemingly close to his ear.

Of course he did it.

In a moment a hand grasped his leg and placed his foot upon something solid.

A second later Old King Brady was drawn through a narrow doorway in the side of the shaft.

Softly the door shut and a dark lantern was flashed upon the detective's pale face, for he had torn the bandage away.

There stood the unknown before him with his black cloak drawn over his head as usual.

The place was a mere closet, with hardly room for the two men to stand upright.

"Saved! You have saved my life!" gasped Old King Brady. "Oh, heavens! What would have been my fate but for you?"

"Death!"

"I do not doubt it. That rope!"

"I anticipated what they would do. I put it in place in the hope that things would work out as they did."

"Bless you! Let me shake your hand, friend, even if I cannot see your face?"

"No! Do not touch me."

"But—"

"Say no more. It cannot be."

"Those scoundrels—who are they?"

"Counterfeiters and crooks. Desperate characters. Murderers, many times."

"That young man—Nat Peters—Miss Winters? Have they been killed?"

"No, no! They live. They are prisoners. We can save them, and we must."

"I am with you, friend, in everything."

"Listen—listen!"

And the unknown, in abrupt, broken sentences, rattled on as follows:

"This is an evil den!"

"Ah, yes!"

"Have you ever heard of the Denzer gang of counterfeiters?"

"No doubt you have."

"These are the men."

"This old house is one of their headquarters."

"That other house we were in is theirs too."

"Hard pressed now by the detectives, they are about to fly the country."

"To-night was the night."

"John Barnacle is one of them."

"So was Bat, the convict brother."

"So for years was I."

"You!" cried Old King Brady, interrupting this strange speech.

"Yes! I am what I am, but I have repented. My heart has changed. I live only to undo the wrong I have done in the past."

"But who are you? What—"

"Ask me no more; the detectives are upon us now. One Carl Greene and a party. You may know the man."

"Know him! I should say I did. If he is here it is enough! Let us join him at once!"

"It is not to be. If I am to help you and those young people to escape, it must be done secretly and in my own way."

"But Detective Greene is my friend. He will do whatever I ask."

"Not another word or I vanish from your sight. Then let me see you get out of here if you can."

For a moment Old King Brady pondered. To refuse to humor this strange being under existing circumstances was hardly to be thought of.

Besides he owed something to the man who had saved him from an awful fate.

"I am in your hands. Do as you will!" he whispered.

"Hark!"

"I hear them. They are descending the ladder now."

"Yes. But they will not find you. Take hold of my cloak. Follow me."

Old King Brady grasped the cloak. Instantly the light was extinguished.

The unknown began to move forward. To press on where the detective had seen but a solid wall a moment before.

Was there no end to the secrets of this mysterious house?

In a moment the light flashed again. They stood in a passage before a door.

"All this to you is very curious I suppose!" chuckled the unknown.

"Very."

"Know that I built this house. I built it for a purpose—an evil purpose. It has served it well."

"For the purpose to which it is now applied?"

"Yes. Can you open that door?"

"Perhaps."

"Try it!"

"But you probably know a better way?"

"No. It is simply locked. I have no key."

Old King Brady had his skeletons. He lost no time in using them.

In an instant the door was open.

"It is as I thought," murmured the unknown. "I knew we'd find them here."

For there sat Nat Peters in one chair and Camille in another.

They were gagged and securely tied to the chairs.

"Set them free and follow," whispered the unknown. "Quick! and from this on until I give permission let no one speak a word!"

And no one did, for Nat and Camille heard the command, of course.

The prisoners freed, the unknown held up his hand and beckoned.

In silence they followed him through a short passage, down a flight of steps, and through a solid iron door, which opened readily enough when he touched the secret spring.

They were now in an underground passage.

It was braced above with timbers like a drift shaft in a mine, but in most places on the sides there was only earth.

Piled up here were boxes—many of them, some large and some small.

Past these the unknown hurried them.

The passage led straight on.

"We can break silence now," he said, at last. "Quick! Quicker still! They will be right upon us. Their way lies through here as well as our own."

But though given permission to speak by their strange conductor, no one said a word.

Faster and faster they hurried forward.

And the passage which seemed endless came to an end at last.

"What now?" exclaimed the detective.

They had come into a room boarded up on all sides.

Here lay three substantial new boats with oars.

Beyond the boats was a ladder leading up.

"We will be safe in a moment," whispered the unknown. "We shall want one of those boats. Get it around in front of the ladder. Wait, I'll open the trap."

He bounded up the ladder, passing out of sight.

But in a moment he was back again.

"Lost! Lost!" he groaned. "They have changed the lock. I cannot open it! We are lost!"

"Let me try!" cried Old King Brady.

"Hark!"

"What?"

"Don't you hear?"

"Heavens! You are right. Footsteps in the distance."

"Yes, they are coming. Lost! Lost! Lost!"

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE UNKNOWN SHOWS HIS FACE AT LAST.

"What in thunder is all this?"

"Blamed if I know, Jess."

"Who said you did, Frank James?"

snapped Jesse. "Can't you give a fellow your opinion though?"

"There's some one down there, of course," said Dick Little.

"You're a set of idiots the whole pack of you!" snarled Jesse. "Don't you s'pose I've got ears as well as you?"

Evidently Jesse was in a bad mood just then.

"I s'pose we'd better light out of here," he muttered. "We can't afford to run any risks."

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Suddenly a tremendous thumping began.

The sound came up through the opening which Jesse had revealed on raising the trap door on the island.

"Thunderation!" cried Clell. "Things are coming to a head."

"To the boat! Make for the boat!" breathed Jesse.

"This is none of our business," he added, "and I don't want to get mixed up in any new row."

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Again the thumping.

It was followed by a loud crash.

The outlaws waited for nothing more.

Away they flew to where they had left the boat.

Jesse and Frank pushed it into the water and all leaped in.

"They're coming up!" whispered Dick Little, as he and Clell followed.

"Pull across to the main shore!" breathed Jesse. "We'll lay low a minute and see what this means."

A few strokes was all that was necessary.

The opposite shore was a perfect jungle.

Jesse ran the boat in under the bushes.

"Heavens! it's Old King Brady," he said as he looked back.

But no one answered.

For Jesse held up his hand for silence.

All looked, of course.

What they saw was Old King Brady and Nat Peters.

They were carrying between them a small, handsomely made rowboat.

Behind them walked Camille Winters.

And as they moved rapidly toward the

shore a tremendous pounding could be heard in the hole from which they had emerged.

"Not a word—not a sound!" breathed Jesse. "We want to find out what this means, and as for capturing them, we can do that just as well after they get into the boat as before."

While Jesse was whispering these words Old King Brady had reached the shore.

They saw the boat pushed into the water.

They saw Camille assisted in.

Nat followed her.

So did Old King Brady.

They took up the oars.

"Will he never come?" they heard the detective exclaim.

At the same moment they saw the mysterious unknown coming toward them down the bank.

His cloak was thrown over his head completely covering the face, it seemed to the James Boys, for the darkness and distance was too great to permit them to see the holes behind which gleamed those burning eyes.

"Heavens! What's that? A black ghost?" breathed Frank.

"Hush! Hush!" whispered Jesse. "Make ready to follow them, boys!"

"Is it all right?" they heard Old King Brady ask.

"I've fastened down the second trap as well as I could," answered the unknown, "but they'll surely get through."

"Quick then! Quick!"

The unknown leaped into the boat.

"Have you seen anybody?" he demanded.

"No."

"Yet some one was there a moment ago. I distinctly heard their voices."

"And so did I. Pull! Pull away!"

"Halt! Move, and you are dead men!"

Suddenly came the shout from the opposite shore, which was only a few yards distant from the island.

The boat shot out from among the bushes.

There were the James Brothers and Clell Miller. Frank and Clell held rifles leveled.

Jesse had a revolver cocked, and covering Old King Brady.

"The James Boys again!" burst from the detective.

"Don't shoot—don't shoot! Respect the lady!" cried Nat.

As though that plea with Jesse James would do any good.

"Don't say a word!" breathed the unknown. "Wait—turn your heads! Be ready to row the moment I give the word. I'll fix these men."

"Why don't you speak, Brady?" Jesse yelled. "No matter, I've got it in for you, old man!"

Then suddenly the unknown rose in the boat in front of the detective.

"Who in thunder are you, scarecrow?" bawled Jesse. "Sit down, or I'll put a hole through—Great gosh! what's this?"

A wild cry broke simultaneously from the lips of the four outlaws.

For the unknown had suddenly dropped the cloak from his head, turning as he did so full toward the other boat.

What was it they saw?

What was it that made Jesse drop his revolver and Dick Little one of his oars?

It was a sight well calculated to strike terror even to the stoutest heart.

It was the face of the man who was never seen!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GREAT WILD WEST STORY, ENTITLED  
"THE ROSE OF THE WEST; OR, LANCE  
THALBERG'S MISSION," BY R. T. EM-  
MET, WILL COMMENCE NEXT WEEK.

## Lost at the Pole:

OR,

## The Secret of the Arctic Circle.

BY ALBERT J. BOOTH,

Author of "Adrift in the Sea of Grass,"  
"Castaway Castle," "The Boy Pri-  
vateer Captain," "The Mad Ma-  
room," "A Monte Cristo at  
Eighteen," etc., etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXV.

MR. DALTON REAPPEARS—THE GALE—IN  
SORE STRAITS—A NARROW ESCAPE.

HARRY was right and the ice in the cove did break up and go out to sea, taking the ship with it.

The damage to the rudder had been remedied and when the ship was in the open sea, she sailed as well as before the accident.

The crew was somewhat small to man-



age so large a vessel, but the captain and Mr. Springer worked as hard as the sailors, when it was necessary, and even Harry took more than his share of the work and did wonders.

It was the captain's intention to proceed south at once, but on the second day out from his winter quarters he met with contrary winds which turned to a gale and forced him to lie to till it should blow out.

It was on this day that Harry, going into the run to get something from the cabin stores, distinctly heard the voice of Dalton on the other side of the bulkhead.

"There's no use of my staying in this stuffy place any longer, now that we are at sea," the voice said.

The boy stood still and listened for a response.

It came presently in the voice of Shuttleworth.

"Can't you do better down here than in the cabin?"

"No, I can't, and I'm going on deck. Ain't I the mate of the ship?"

"Certainly," said the other, in the whining tone peculiar to him, "but maybe the old man will say you ain't."

"Oh, well, I can put on a lot of soft talk, tell him I'm sorry for this and that and the other, just as you did, you know, and I'll get his confidence again just as you did," and the man laughed, "and things will go on smoothly, and I can manage them just as I please."

"Not much you won't!" thought Harry. "I'm glad I overheard this. Now I know that I was not mistaken when I thought I heard his voice before. I did hear it and he has been stowed away in the hold for weeks."

"What do you mean to do when you get the old man quieted?" asked Shuttleworth.

"You'll see," answered the other, with a laugh. "I don't know whether you are to be trusted or not."

"I know that neither of you are," thought Harry, and then he unfortunately overturned a small keg of hard tack, which made considerable noise.

On the instant he heard a hurrying of feet, and then whispers which were unintelligible to him, and after that a profound silence followed.

"Well," he mused, as he returned to the cabin, "I don't know whether it's any use to say anything for he'll probably come on deck before long. I wonder if it is really

He heard a commotion outside and, as he ran to the outer cabin, he saw Shuttleworth rush in, and heard him say to the captain:

"I say, sir, I've made a most remarkable discovery. We've got a stowaway in the hold."

"A stowaway? Impossible. Who is he?"

"It's Mr. Dalton!" said Harry, boldly, "and he's been there for weeks. I heard his voice the night he came on board, but thought I must be mistaken."

"And you said nothing about it, my lad?" asked the captain gravely.

"No, sir. I did not think it could be possible and I saw no use in alarming you with my fancies."

"I never had any idea of it till just now when I went below," hastily interposed Shuttleworth before Captain Underwood could reply to the boy. "It's the most astonishing thing I ever heard of. How do you suppose he could have got on board without any of us knowing it?"

"It does seem strange," said the captain, in a non-committal tone, as he left the cabin.

When he reached the deck Dalton was just coming up out of the hold by way of the main hatch, which had been left partly open.

Phil and Jack were in the waist and Dodge was just coming aft as Harry followed the captain, leaving Shuttleworth in the cabin.

The former mate was pale and haggard, his beard was ragged and untrimmed, and he looked much as a man looks who has spent a term in prison, shut away from the light of the sun.

"I've been a stowaway for some time, sir," he said, as he advanced toward the captain, his hand extended, "but I can't stand it any longer, and besides, I see the folly of my course now and am willing to make amends."

"Do so, Mr. Dalton, and I will forget what has passed," answered the captain. "I shall indeed," and the man held out his hand.

"I hope you will," replied the other, apparently not seeing the hand extended to him.

"Won't you give me your hand, sir?"

"No, not till I am sure of your sincerity. I have a right to doubt you and am not satisfied with mere protestations."

"I didn't think you were the sort to push a fallen man down when he tries to get up," whined Dalton.

"I am not, neither am I a man to give any one my full confidence before I know him thoroughly. You know me well enough for that."

"But you'll give me a chance?"

"Yes, and when I see that you are really in earnest I will give you my hand, but not till then."

"I suppose I can have my old room and rank?" asked Dalton, lowering his head.

"The room, yes; the rank, no; or not till you have proved yourself worthy of being reinstated."

"Seems to me you are pretty hard on a man who is trying to do right," whined Dalton.

"It is not I who am hard, it is the circumstances in your case that make me be on my guard," remarked the captain.

"Put yourself in my place, and ask yourself if you would not do the same."

"The gale seems to be getting worse, sir," said Mr. Springer, who was now the acting mate, "and I am afraid we shall have to take in more sail, and run before it."

Even as the man spoke the wind suddenly increased in violence, and one of the head sails was torn from the bolt ropes and blown into ribbons in a few seconds.

All hands were called to shorten sail, and the ship was put before the wind, when she drove ahead at tremendous speed.

For days and days they drove on, it being impossible to go in any direction but to the north.

Behind them the ice seemed to be closing in; in front of them there seemed to be a wall of ice, toward which they were driven resistlessly.

All hands were nearly exhausted by the time they neared the barrier, and destruction seemed imminent.

"We are lost!" wailed Shuttleworth, refusing longer to work.

Dalton stood by the rail, dogged and sullen, and did not lift a hand to save the vessel.

"Stand by to get up sail!" roared the captain. "We must put about or we are lost!"

All except the two former officers flew to obey the orders.

The instant a sail was loosened it was blown away and it was speedily seen that all such attempts would be useless.

On drove the ship and destruction seemed imminent.

The ice barrier was only a quarter of a mile distant and there seemed to be nothing to prevent the loss of the ship.

Suddenly the cabin boy, who had gone to the extreme bow, cried out excitedly:

"There is an opening, sir, not much of one, but it is an opening all the same."

Mr. Springer rushed forward, took a look ahead and shouted:

"The boy is right, sir. There is an opening and we can get through."

"But what is there beyond?" cried the captain.

Harry had already anticipated this question and had begun to nimbly climb the foretop maststay.

When near the top he called out in a shrill voice:

"There is an open sea ahead of us, sir. Put the wheel down a spoke or two."

"Down with the wheel a little!" roared the captain.

Phil was at the wheel and he obeyed the order in an instant.

"I see it now!" he cried. "We are making straight for it!"

On sped the vessel and the opening in the barrier could be plainly seen.

In a few minutes they passed right between two great masses of ice, which the instant the ship had cleared them came together with a terrible crash, closing up the break and presenting a barrier which extended in either direction as far as the eye could reach.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA—STILL ADRIFT—THE WRECK—A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

The situation of those on board the Spray did not appear to have improved in spite of the fact that they had escaped being crushed in the ice.

Before them stretched a sea that seemed to be limitless, while behind them was a barrier of ice which it was impossible for them to pass.

"We are in the open Polar Sea," declared the captain. "We have discovered that of which the existence has so long been denied."

"Yes, and what good is it going to do us?" sneered Dalton. "Had it not been for your foolhardiness in going so far north in the first place we would have been—"

"Had it not been for your treachery in tampering with the compass and bringing about a disaster, you mean," said the captain.

"Who dares say that?" growled the villain. "How can you prove—"

"In the easiest manner possible. You were seen. That was not your only act of treachery either, and if you are not more careful in your speech, you will find that I can take measures to prevent it."

The man said nothing but glared savagely at Phil, who passed at that moment, having been relieved at the wheel.

From the moment he had re-appeared on the vessel, Phil had not spoken to him, had not even recognized or appeared to have seen him, for although he bore the man no malice, he could not associate with him in justice to his murdered father.

Dalton still cherished the hope that some day he would be able to do the young fellow an injury, even take his life, and he watched Phil closely, but in his turn he was himself as closely watched.

Mr. Springer saw the look of hate that the man gave Phil, and when the latter had passed, he went to Dalton, and said:

"I saw you glare at that brave young fellow just now and I know what you meant by it. If it is repeated during my watch on deck I will take the responsibility of putting you in irons without consulting the captain."

"I presume I have the right to like or dislike whom I please, sir," sneered Dalton.

"Certainly. No one wishes to interfere in such matters. I know, however, what that look meant. It meant mischief to Phil Farnsworth who is your superior in every way, and if it is repeated, you must suffer the consequences."

Dalton growled some unintelligible reply and walked away, presently going below to his cabin which he did not leave till night.

For hours the ship sped on and at last night fell, and the moon arose full and clear, although there were signs of increasing cloudiness with more wind.

"There must be some way of getting beyond the ice barrier!" declared the captain, and he accordingly attempted to sail alongside, but the wind was unfavorable and he was still obliged to keep to the north.

During the night the sky became thickly overcast, and the wind increased till they were obliged to scud almost under bare poles.

At last everything became so black that it was impossible to see whither they were going, and no one knew what might be their fate.

On and on they dashed till at last when it was about the time of daybreak, although the sky was still as black as ink, they suddenly heard a most terrifying sound.

"Breakers ahead!" shouted Mr. Springer.

"Where away?"

"Dead ahead!"

"Let her go off a point or two."

"Ay, ay!"

"And send up a rocket."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Presently there was a flash of light, and a rocket shot up into the air, shedding yellow radiance all around.

Ahead, not more than a hundred yards distance, was seen a long, low, rocky shore, with beyond a few high peaks pointing to the sky.

"Let her go!" shouted the captain. The helmsman hastened to obey, but it was too late.

The ship shot ahead, struck, trembled violently throughout, her entire frame seemed to be lifted up, and was then dashed with tremendous force upon a hidden rock, where she lay on her side, while the waves dashed over her at every surge.

"We are lost!" cried Dalton, suddenly appearing on deck. "We are lost, and it is through the fault of our fool of a captain who—"

"Silence!" cried Jack, who, with Phil, was clinging to the rail, the deck sloping at a terrible angle.

"I will not be silent, the man is a fool, and but for his mad desire to—"

Jack sprang forward, struck the man on the forehead and knocked him down.

"Silence, you dog!" he cried. "You will not work yourself, and you have no right to find fault with those who do."

"I'll kill you for that!" hissed Dalton, leaping upon his feet.

At that instant a giant wave caught the ship, lifted her up, and carried her forward.

She rode on an even keel for a few moments, but then suddenly struck upon shore right between two jagged masses of rock, where she lay with two great gaps in one side through which the water poured, soon filling the hold.

The captain ordered a light to be burned on the bow, and this showed them that they were fast on shore, and that there was no hope to be entertained of their getting off.

The land upon which they had run was a most inhospitable one, being utterly barren and desolate, with nothing to sustain life, with no vegetation even of the sparsest description, and with no sign of life, either human or animal.

The vessel was fast, but the waves were continually breaking over the stern, and it was only a question of time when she would go to pieces.

As the light went out, leaving everything in total darkness, the captain said:

"We must wait till morning before landing, and yet I fear that by that time the ship will have broken up, but I dare not take the risk of attempting to land now."

"Two of the boats are in good condition, sir," said Mr. Springer, "but the others have been too much damaged to be of any use. The two boats will hold all our crew, and we can no doubt build a house of the remains of the vessel if she does go to pieces."

"I do not think there is any doubt that she will do so," returned the captain. "However, we may be able to save the oil, which will be useful to us."

Susie and Mollie remained in the cabin, for, although the waves broke over the stern, very little water went below in the after part of the ship, the most of it rushing forward.

Phil and Jack now and then went below to encourage them, but they were both brave girls and were not easily disheartened, not even by the great disaster that had fallen upon the ship.

"We will somehow pass through this trouble as we have passed through others," said Susie, "and all we can do is to trust to the Ruler of land and wave to save us from this last overwhelming misfortune."

There was not much that could be done except to see that the boats were ready, and to keep as much water as possible from going into the cabins.

The captain burned another light forward, after an hour's interval, to see if there was any practicable landing place, and if the tide had gone down or risen higher.

The light burned with great brilliancy, and the forbidding shore was revealed in all its horror, the captain uttering a sigh as he looked upon the barren rocks and the perilous approaches to the land beyond.

The light continued to burn for some time, but all at once it seemed to have assumed a different color, and dense masses of smoke were seen arising.

Dashing forward, Phil leaned over the rail and cried in horrified tones:

"The ship has been set on fire! The oil in the hold is in flames and spreading rapidly! Nothing can save us!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IF YOU WANT TO READ A GOOD INDIAN STORY, SEE OPENING CHAPTERS OF "THE ROSE OF THE WEST," IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF HAPPY DAYS.

#### His Sin Found Him Out.

JULIET, the daughter of a prosperous French gentleman, was afflicted with a disorder of the heart. She one day fell dead, as was supposed, and after a suitable time was laid away in the family vault. Her body was arrayed in her first ball dress, with her rings, bracelets, necklaces, and other jewelry. Her father, prostrated with grief, returned to the house and sought his chamber. His valet, who had assisted in the burial, waited upon him, tended to his wants, and retired. The gentleman passed a sad and terrible night. It was cold; the wind howled outside, the snow flew, and he could think only of his beloved daughter in the tomb.

Suddenly, at three o'clock in the morning, he was startled by the ringing of the front door bell. He jumped to his feet, wondering who could arrive at such an hour.

Again the bell rang. The servants either did not hear it, or feared to go to the door. He took a candle and descended the stairs, but before opening the door demanded, "Who is there?"

There was no answer, and in his weakness and grief, feeble with fright, he slowly opened the door. In the shadow he saw a ghost-like figure dressed all in white. He fell back stammering "Who are you?"

"It is I, papa!"

It was his daughter. He thought he was going crazy. He recoiled from her and motioned her back with his hand.

"Do not fear, papa. I was not dead. Some one robbed me of one of my rings and cut off my finger. The blood began to run and that revived me."

He saw then that she was covered with blood. Then, recovering himself, he appreciated the good fortune that had come to him. He took her up to his chamber and rang for his valet to rekindle the fire, procure some nourishment and go for the doctor. But when the man entered he uttered a piercing cry and expired. It was he who had broken into the tomb, knowing that the corpse had been attired with valuable jewels, mutilated her hand, and left her, as he supposed, dead. When he saw her standing in the room he thought it was her ghost come back to denounce him and he was frightened to death.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

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TRY YOUR HAND.

[This story commenced in No. 1.]

# Jack Wright and Frank Reade, Jr. the Two Young Inventors

## Or; BRAINS AGAINST BRAINS.

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By "NONAME."

Author of "Jack Wright and His Electric Air Monitor," "Frank Reade, Jr.'s Sky Scraper," "Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor's Electric Sledge Boat," etc.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE CHINESE JUNK.

THERE were a score of the Malay pirates aboard the electric boat, and the moment Jack and his three companions opened fire upon them, they dashed down into the abin again.

Jack nodded and went to the turret.

He did not wish to delay now, for he felt sure that Frank Reade, Jr., would gain the mastery of the Malays, who were aboard the flying machine, and would continue to race ahead on his journey.

The young inventor raised his boat up a few yards and started it.

"I ain't?" indignantly asked Tim. "I reckon as yer never heerd tell o' how I once ketched a kag o' dynamite in my han's, as it came adylin' through ther air, an' saved ther life o' George Washington, did yer?"

"Humbug, my dear sir!"

"Wot! Don't yer believe it?"

"Really, I must admit—"

"Le' me prove wot I ses."

"I defy you to do so."

"Then listen, an' I'll show yer," growled Tim. "It wuz durin' a battle an' our frigate wuz fightin' a rebel cruiser. In ther midst o' ther fight, a small skiff put out from shore w' one man in it, an' boarded us. He proved to be Ginerel George Washington hisself! Waal, sir, he'd come aboard in ther face o' all that danger, ter warn us as our ship wuz driftin' ashore."

"We hadn't noticed it in ther excitement o' ther battle, an' we thanked him



POOR POMP WAS RUNNING AFTER HER AT THE TOP OF HIS SPEED, TOO BADLY WINDED TO YELL AT HIM TO STOP, AND AS THEY WERE IN A VERY HOT CLIMATE, THE SWEAT POURED OUT OF HIM IN STREAMS.

"Charge, while we have the advantage!" cried the young inventor.

"Down mit 'em!" roared the pugnacious young Dutchman.

"Lead on, lad!" cried Tim. "We'll follow yer!"

"Cooped up here under water we've got to fight!" muttered Forrest.

Down stairs they dashed after the retreating pirates, and they chased them into the store room, the door of which they broke down.

As Jack's party were still after them, the natives rushed into the exit chamber, and the young inventor dashed forward and pulled the door shut.

He was just in time, for the panic-stricken Malays had pulled open the after door, and the sea gushed in and drowned them.

By this time the boat had reached bottom. She was within fifty yards of Bintang Island, and the water was shallow and well lighted by the early afternoon sun.

Nothing could be seen of the fleet of feluccas, nor had our friends any idea how Frank fared when he sent the air-ship up.

The noise that came from the exit chamber plainly told Jack what had happened to the natives, and he exclaimed:

"Fools! They've absolutely committed suicide."

"Donner und blitzen, vot a choke!" chuckled Fritz.

"We kin easy avoid them ere lubbers on ther surface now," said Tim. "Ther boat kin be driv along under water until we gits out o' thar way."

"An excellent plan too!" commented Forrest.

Along she sped for half an hour, and then he sent her to the surface.

Tim then entered the turret with Fritz, and Jack said to them:

"Go out the window and open the exit chamber door to let the water out. Then haul those dead men out of the room. The outer door has closed itself again."

"Ay, ay!" replied Tim, saluting.

"Ye vos miles from dem sefages now," said Fritz.

Both men left the turret, and emptying the exit chamber, they flung all the drowned men into the sea and left them astern. The boat then sped along rapidly.

She left Singapore behind, and running through the China Sea, she headed for the coast of Borneo, along which she sped to the Philippine Islands, as Jack intended to get out upon the Pacific through the Balington Channel.

Late in the afternoon of the following day Tim stood in the turret at the wheel, when Forrest came in from the deck and said in his soft, bland way:

"There is a Chinese junk drifting down the Borneo coast toward us, Tim—do you see it?"

"Gee whiz!" gasped the old sailor, with a start as he fixed a glare with his good eye upon the dark-featured man. "You're wuss nor a ghost, gol darn my skin if yer ain't. Wot d'yer come upon a feller so sudden fer? Why don't yer cough, sneeze or holler, ter let one know as yer astarn o' him. Lordy, Lordy, wot a sneaky cuss yer is ter be sure."

"Why, sir, you have no nerves at all!" scoffed Forrest, smilingly.

fer his kindness an' I drove her out o' danger. Ther rebels seen ther ginerel an' loadin' one o' ther guns with a kag o' dynamite they aimed it at him an' fired. He wuz standin' on ther deck near me an' ther minute I seen that ere dangerous missile a-flyin' at his head I knowed as it would blow him ter pieces if it hit him. Thar wuzn't no time fer him ter git out o' its way neither, as it wuz a-flyin' towards him so fast. Wot did I do?"

"What?"

"Squarin' myself I caught ther kag on ther fly jist afore it reached ther ginerel, an' it spun me aroun' on my ole wooden leg as if I wuz a top. As soon as ever I recovered I bowed ter ther ginerel, held up ther kag an' ses I, 'I couldn't a-done that so neat if I hadn't a-been a catcher on ther New York base ball nine when I wuz a young feller.' George wuz so tickled at wot I done he ups an' gives me permotion ter ther rank o' lieutenant o' ther marines an' took that ere kag o' dynamite home w' him ter keep as a reminder o' ther time he escaped death by ther skin o' his teeth. An' now, Mr. Forrest, ain't I got nerve?"

"You've got the greatest nerve I ever heard of!" declared Forrest, warmly. "In fact, your nerve amounts to absolute gall."

"What!" exclaimed Tim, in surprise.

"How old are you?"

"Over forty-five."

"When did Washington die?"

"Blast my timbers if I know."

"I'll tell you. It was in the year 1799."

"D'yer mean ter tell me he wuzn't in the rebellion?"

(Continued on page 11.)



[This story commenced in No. 1.]

# YELLOW AND BLACK;

OR,  
THE TWO BOSSES OF WHACKINGTON ACADEMY.

By SAM SMILEY,

Author of "A New Tommy Bounce," "Aunt Maria," "The Shortys Doing Europe," etc.

## PART VII.

COOL, not to say cold weather, was coming on, and the boys at Whackington Academy were having lots of fun in consequence.

The two self-constituted bosses—Wing-Wing and Wash—had plenty to do, and their importance in their own eyes increased daily.

"I don't see wha' de doctah's gwine ter

The messengers were round or square pieces of card board with a hole in the middle, and when put on the line went whizzing up towards the kite like one o'clock.

About this time along came Wing, bound for the house.

He saw the boys collected together, but did not observe the kite.

Having had some experience with the

"Yep, me spect so, pullee lilly bit, no pull muchee, lilly boy hold he easy nuffee," "Oh, no; it's strong enough to pull up a tree."

Wing winked the other eye and said nothing.

Dick got over the fence, hanging on to the kite line.

The others had hold of the other end of it.

"Get out of the way!" said Dick, giving Wing a push.

The Chinaman had to step over the cord in his haste.

The other boys had hold of the slack of it.

In a jiffy they took a double turn around Wing's left leg.

Then Dick let go.

The cord tightened in a jiffy.

Wing got a surprise.

"Hi! hi! whattee do?" he chirruped, feeling the line tighten on his leg.

aged to get his other hand on the fence just in time.

The line yanked away at his pigtail, however, and threatened to pull it out.

"Dat dirty I'llish tick," he muttered.

"No pullee piggee taillee, dat no fair."

Up came the boys, laughing ready to split.

"What do you think of her now for a puller, eh, Wing?"

"Knocks spots out of your daddy's kite, don't it?"

"Don't you want to take another ride, Wing? It won't cost you anything."

"You go blazee," sputtered the Chinaman, getting his foot loose, for Dick had given him the slack of the line.

"All right," said Dick, letting go.

Wing was yanked off his feet in a jiffy, the line being still fast around his queue.

"Hi-hi, stoppee!" he yelled, and the boys let him go, but he was a very mad Chinaman, all the same when he finally got loose and went into the house.

It happened one evening when it was cool and pleasant that Wash said to Wing:

"Wha' yo' say, Wing, to taking in de cold ball dis ebenin'?" Yo' hab lots ob fun."

"Yep, me spect so."

"All de high-toned cold folks ob de town am gwine ter be dere, Wing, an' yo' 'joy yo'self fus' rate."

"Will nicee niggee gal be dere, hap?" asked Wing.

"Well, yo' bet yo' life dey will. Dey's all de nice gals in town gwine ter be dere."

"You go to ball, you shakee foot, you skippee?"

"Does I shake de foot?" chuckled Wash.

"H'm, dat's wha' I sayed. Guess I does dance, son. Yo' wan' ter see me? Yo' come 'long o' me, an' I'll show yo' lots o' style."

"You gettee sufflin' fo' eat—sufflin' fo' dlink?"

"Sumpin' to eat and drink? Dat's wha' I sayed. Yo' get all de nice's tings dey is, son, an' all de bes' gals ter dance wif yo' if yo' like. Yo' come 'long?"

"Yep, me spect so, he velly nicee man for dancee, me mashee allee gal evly time," chirped Wing, with his blandest smile.

"Well, yo' come 'long o' me, an' I interdooce yo' to all de nice cold gals. I see a big man down in de cold qua'tah m'self, an' dey's jus' boun' ter hab me at de ball."

"Yep, me spect so, you velly big man."

"Dat's wha' I sayed," remarked Wash, with an air of great importance. "Dey couldn't get 'long wifout me, nohow."

"Nopee, me guess not."

"Dey wanted me fo' flo'-manager, but I see a little above dem common niggers, so I inclined the honah."

"Datee all light."

"Co'se it am, but all de same, dey's glad to hab me come an' foteh all my frien's. Oh, I see a big man 'mong dem niggers, I is."

"Yep, me spect so."

"Dat's wha' I sayed, and yo' come 'long an' I do de ting up brown."

Wing had as big an opinion of himself as Wash had of his abilities, and he reckoned that he would cut a fine swell among the dusky damsels at the ball.

He put on a boiled shirt and a stand-up collar, a red cravat and a door-knob diamond, and felt fine.

In a cutaway coat and striped trousers, yellow vest and patent-leather shoes, he calculated to turn the heads of all the coon girls.

He wound his queue about his head, put on a straw hat, stuck a cane under his arm and a cigar in his mouth, and was ready for the ball.

Wash was waiting for him when he came down.

There were no flies on that coon when he was fixed up.

He was a peach, and no mistake, in his party togs.

He wore checkered trousers, a low cut vest of pink Turkish toweling with blue glass buttons, a swallow-tail coat, a choker collar, a yellow necktie, and a single eye-glass which would never stay put.

Over his swallow tail he had a short, white, baggy sack overcoat, much shorter than the one it covered, on his head was a silk hat made before the war, and he had on green kid gloves.

"Am yo' ready, sah?" he asked, flourishing a spotted silk handkerchief upon which he had emptied half a bottle of cologne.

"Yep, me 'spect so. You leady too, me guess?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed. Dem fellabs done fo'got to sen' de ca'lage, but dat don't make no diffence. Come 'long."

"Me no care, me likee walkee fust late," said Wing.

He knew that that carriage business was all a bluff.

"I 'spect ef I sen' wo'd do'n to de ball, dat dey sen' de ca'lage up fo' me now, but dat's a right. Ve don't min' a little ting like dat, does us?"

"Nopee, me likee walkee."

Off they started, those two bosses of Whackington Academy never thinking it necessary to mention to the doctor that they were going, however.

It was not more than half a mile walk to



ANGRY GROWLS WENT AROUND THE ROOM. THE PRESIDENT JUMPED UP IN A RAGE. "HOWLY CROW! BUT WE'VE A PAIR OV SPIES AT THE MEETIN'!" HE CRIED. "SO WE HOV!" PHWAT'LL WE DO WID THIM?" THINGS LOOKED SQUALLY FOR WASH AND WING.

do ef I should leave dis yer place," remarked Wash. "I reckon he'd hab ter close up shop right away."

"Yep, me spect so, hap," said Wing. "Me velly good fellah, bossy no do nosing, no hab me long."

"Dat's wha' I sayed," snorted Wash, "on'y it's me dat he can't get 'long wif 'stead o' yo'."

"Yep, me spect so," answered Wing, but his bland smile and his finger laid alongside his nose showed that he meant otherwise.

The boys got along the same as usual, for Dick made things lively for them as usual, and as a natural consequence for Wash and Wing as well.

One afternoon Dick and the rest were flying a kite.

Flying kites might be considered child's play, but this wasn't.

The kite was a regular Jumbo, and it was no easy job to hold it.

It was over seven feet high, and it took a small clothesline to keep it from running away.

Dick had invented and built the kite.

Now he and Hall Wright and Bob Smart and a few more were having some fun flying it.

It was away up in the air, and as there was plenty of wind the line was just humming.

The boys were out on the hill near the road and had fastened the line to a fence rail.

The big kite pulled too much for them to care to hold onto the line very long.

They had sent up a dozen messengers on the line and were ready for others.

boys, he concluded that they were up to mischief.

As one of the self-appointed bosses of the Academy, he felt it necessary to learn what the boys were doing.

If he had been wiser he would have let them alone.

Crossing the road he stood by the fence and said:

"Me tinkee you makee muchee lacket, so be."

"Hallo, Wing," said Dick; "where's your side partner?"

"Me no savvy."

"What are you doing without Wash? Aren't you twins?"

"Me no savvy where Washee be, me no givee cussee, me no takee care of Washee."

"Oh, I thought you did," said Dick, letting out more line. "Hi! look at her go, fellows."

The boys all looked up at the kite.

They all had something to say, likewise.

Wing saw them looking at something, and so he looked.

Then he saw the kite.

"You fly kitee!" he chirped. "Me savvy fly kitee in China. My fader makee kitee so big like housee, pullee likee blazee, lun alay wif tlee, five hossee."

"What's the matter with this kite?" asked Dick.

"Dat velly nice lilly kitee, all same he no big like my kitee."

"But it'll pull all the same," said Dick, unhitching the line from the rail and giving Hall Wright and Bob the wink at the same time.

Then Bob and Hall Wright let out more line and ran backwards.

Wing was sent bowling along over the ground by the pull of the kite.

He found out that it had some strength after all.

"Hi, hi! cussee, blazee, stoppee! Whattee mattee?" he yelled.

The big kite was pulling his leg for all it was worth.

He had to go hopping along to keep from falling, and all the time he was yelling like blazes.

The boys continued to let out line.

The kite took all they gave it and wanted more.

"How does she pull now, Wing?"

"Hi-ya, stoppee, me no likee."

Then Wing stubbed his toe against a stone.

Down he went kerflop.

Away flew his hat.

Down came his pig-tail all uncoiled.

As luck would have it, it had to get caught in the kite line.

In a trice it was all wound up in it.

Then there was a monkey and a parrot time and no error.

Caught, head and foot, Wing went spinning over the road at railroad speed.

The boys couldn't haul in on the line they were so busy laughing.

The kite carried Wing across the road, however, and he managed to get hold of the fence with one hand.

"Hi-hi, stoppee, me no wantee go heaven fo' a lilly while," he piped up, "me likee stay here lilly while longer."

He came near losing his grip but man-



the place where the colored ball was to be held.

This was a building used for meetings, et cetera, and often two or three floors were taken on the same night.

The upper floors were generally used as society lodge rooms and were often taken. There was a lodge of Irishmen of some order or another in the town.

This was one of their regular meeting nights.

It was an important meeting, too. Every member of the lodge was sure to be present.

When Wash and Wing reached the building, the ball had begun.

They heard the sounds of revelry and saw the lights.

"I spect dey's jus' started up, 'cause dey saw me comin'," said Wash.

"Yep, me spect so."

"Tain' high-toned to come too early, anyhow," remarked Wash, sticking out his elbows. "Looks as ef yo' was too anxious to get dere."

"Yep, me spect so."

"Evey time I goes anywhar I makes a impression an' dis time ain' no 'ception."

Now there were two entrances to the building where the ball was held.

Wash had been there once or twice.

The last time he had gone to the top floor. This time he did the same thing.

If he had taken the other door he would have been all right.

It would have taken him right to the coon hall.

He would have had to give up half a dollar for the privilege, however.

There were no free tickets, and Wash would have been no better than any other coon.

"Dis am de way," he said to Wing, ascending the stairs. "We don' need no tickets, 'cause I know all de folks."

"You gettee in flee?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed. Yo' spect dey make a high-toned co'd man like me pay fo' his ticket?"

"Yep, me spect so," answered Wing, but Wash did not hear him.

It was a pretty good climb up those stairs.

There were four or five flights of them, and they were all good long ones, too.

It made that coon and the heathen sweat to get to the top.

They got there all the same, however.

"Wow! Don' see wha' dey wan' ter hab de ball way up yer fo'!" declared Wash.

"Me feel likee skippee, hoppee, dancee all lound, me no gettee tired," said Wing.

"Wull, nev' min', we's gwine ter hab a good time, now we's yer," said Wash, when he reached the top of the last flight.

"Yep, me spect so," chattered Wing, wiping his perspiring brow.

There was only one door to be seen and Wash pushed it open.

"Funny I don' heah no music," he remarked. "Mebbe dey done got froo dat dance and now dey's waitin' for anoder."

"Yep, me spect so," said Wing, following Wash.

The room they found themselves in was not at all like a ball room.

There was a raised platform at one end. On this were half a dozen chairs and a table.

Only two or three of the chairs were occupied.

Below the platform were rows of settees with an aisle between.

These were occupied largely by the members of the society.

They were all unmistakably Irish.

Some were red-headed, some had dark hair and some none at all, but they all had Irish faces.

If you had called out for Murphy or Brannigan, or Doyle or Flaherty, or O'Rourke, you would have received an instantaneous response.

There were two men on the platform.

They both wore big green horse collars around their necks.

They also had the map of Ireland on their faces.

The clock on the wall over the platform had stopped, and no wonder.

"Mimbers av this soc'ety," one of the big guns on the platform was saying as Wash and Wing entered, "I hov a most important juty to perform, and—"

Then he stopped.

"Come on, Chinee," said Wash. "Dis is o'right. I allus sits on de platfo'm wif de oder gemen."

"Yep, me spect so; allee same dis no party," said Wing.

"Yes, it is. Come on," and Wash marched up the main isle.

The members began to look black at the intruders.

It would have been bad enough for either a Chinaman or a negro to have entered.

Both of these objectionable persons at a time was altogether too much.

"Phwat do yez want here?" demanded the president.

"Tought I'd come to de pah'ty, dat's all," said Wash. "Ain' it ready yit?"

"A par'ty, is ut?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed," and Wash walked right on.

"Finnegan, ye sucker, did yez lave the dure open?"

"I did."

"Phwat for?"

"Sure, we're not all here yet!"

"Well, yez can close it. There's enough here fer—holy mackerel!"

Wash had walked right up the steps, and sat down.

Then he put his hat on the table.

Likewise his feet.

"Don' min' me, ge'men," he said. "I allus makes m'self to hum. You'se c'n go on wif de pah'ty right away, now I'se yer."

"Yepee, me here, dancee soon as you leady," said Wing.

He had also taken a seat.

His feet were cocked on the table likewise.

Angry growls went around the room.

The president jumped up in a rage.

"Howly crows! but we've a pair ov spies at the meetin'!" he cried.

"So we hovi!"

"Phwat'll we do wid thim?"

"Soak 'em, begob!" was the universal cry.

Things looked squally for Wash and Wing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## I Buy a Wedding Present.

By "ED."

OWING to my mental ability, physical debility, added to my sweet face and winning ways, I am a great favorite—or, rather, was until lately, with the members of a social club to which I belonged.

It was not a very high-toned social club.

We did not have a club-house on Madison avenue, but we considered ourselves just as well off and contented as if we had, and found no fault with our club-room over a butcher shop in Carmine street.

They thought so much of me that I was made treasurer and intrusted with the handling of all the moneys.

I enjoyed myself at that social club, and might have been its bright particular star as yet if Jack Casey, our president, had not taken it into his head to get married.

Jack was a brawny truck driver, and he fell a victim to the wiles of a fascinating maiden.

Of course the club resolved to give him, as a body, a suitable wedding present.

I was with one accord requested to purchase the same, because, they flattered me, I was more familiar with high-toned society than they were.

"Well, boys," I said, thanking them for the honor paid me, "what shall I buy?"

One young gentleman suggested a book-case.

The prospective bridegroom frowned on him.

"What do I want of a book-case," said he, "when I ain't got any books?"

Another clubite hinted at a piano for his future wife.

"You are a blamed fool!" said Jack, "she will get all the piano exercise she needs at the wash-tub."

"Well," said I, "it is a proper thing amongst the upper ten to give silver."

Jack's face brightened.

"That's just the cheese," he said; "silver is useful as well as ornamental, and you can, when you get hard up, pawn it."

My suggestion was adopted, and it was resolved that I should buy a silver service.

"Do they come very high?" inquired the president.

"Not very, I think," I answered, when, truth to tell, I had no more idea of the value of a respectable silver service than I have of how much it would cost to stuff the hide of an elephant.

"Oh, I guess I can pick one up somewhere cheap," I said.

"About how much?"

"Well, I ain't sure, but I think they come pretty cheap."

"How much money have you got in the treasury?"

"About twenty dollars, I guess."

"Had not that ought to pay for a good silver service, and leave money enough to set up beer for the happy couple?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then you go ahead and buy the service. Get as good a one as you can for the boodle."

I promised I would and they thanked me. The next morning I started out.

First I strolled into Tiffany's.

I made known my want to the affable salesman.

"Certainly, sir," he said, all smiles. "For a wedding present?"

"Yes."

"Excuse me, but do you desire a service for a couple of moderate means?"

"That's just it."

"All right. Please just walk this way. We have some very cheap services."

He showed me one and I liked it.

It consisted of ever so many pieces, and

I felt that the club would be pleased with it.

"How much is it?" I asked.

"Very cheap. Just reduced it. Will only cost you one hundred and thirty-five dollars."

One hundred and thirty-five dollars!

I nearly fell in a fit.

But I braced up and hid my agitation.

"I think it will do," I said, with a calm nerve which surprised myself. "Just put it aside and I will stop for it on my way up-town. I have not enough currency to pay for it, and my check-book is down to the office. Just put it behind the counter, will you, and I will call for it this evening?"

"What is your name, please?"

"Edward Astor. You must have heard of William B. Astor, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"He is my uncle, and he sent me here."

The clerk grew more polite than ever.

He fairly wanted to escort me to the door, but I told him not to put himself to all that trouble, but if he so desired he could send a boy out to order Mr. Astor's carriage, which was waiting in front.

He did so.

I left him yelling at the coachman while I slipped away.

I began to realize that I might have gotten myself into a scrape by volunteering to buy that nuptial gift.

What sort of a silver service could I get for twenty dollars, leaving the beer for the happy couple out of the question!

So I crossed over to the Bowery and struck a less famous jeweler's.

I came across a big establishment with a calcium light in front of it.

The windows were filled with jewelry, watches, diamonds, and various other articles of trade.

I sauntered in.

A smiling gentleman with a Roman nose and a very suave manner came up to me.

"Ah, my dear sir," he said, "vat you vant?"

"A silver service for a wedding present," I announced.

"Walk right dis vay and I vill show you von auf our own make."

"Do you make silver services?"

"Yes; nobody knows de difference, and dey vas so sheap. Vait till you looks at dem."

He led me to the back parlor of the store. Then he showed me his boasted silver service.

It looked like a daisy.

"How much?" I asked.

Judge of my surprise when he answered eleven dollars.

I was taken aback again.

"How in the world do you sell them so cheap?" I asked.

"Because I vas contented mit quick sales and small profits."

Needless to state that I bought the silverware, paid for it, and ordered it to be sent to the club-rooms that evening, which he promised to do.

That evening I went around to the club-rooms.

I found the boys awaiting my arrival.

"Did you get the set, Ed?" they anxiously asked.

"Yes."

"How much did it cost?"

"Eleven dollars."

"How did you get it so cheap?"

"Oh, a friend of mine in the business, and he gave me the trade discount."

"How much is that?"

"Oh, about twenty-five per cent."

The silver service was set out upon a table and duly admired.

At last a big gawk of a fellow named Mooney, who I never did like anyhow, came in.

He worked in a jewelry store.

He examined the service with interest, but he rather turned up his nose at it.

"Ain't that a nice set of silverware for eleven dollars?" the president queried.

"Don't think so," answered Mooney.

"Why?"

"Because it ain't silver-ware at all."

"What is it, then?"

"Nickel-plate."

These words were a verbal bombshell thrown into the midst of the club.

"Nickel-plate!" exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Yes."

"I beg leave to differ," I said. "They are silver-plated."

"Not much."

"Where I bought them I was assured that they were silver plated."

By the way of reply he picked up the water pitcher.

He turned it upside down; on the bottom was a stamp:

"Imitation Silver-Plate Nickel."

"There," said he, "that proves it. Why, I can get a set a good deal cheaper than eleven dollars."

I said there must be some awful mistake somewhere.

"Maybe in your pocket," insinuated Mooney.

The club was furious.

Dark looks were cast on me.

"Can't I get it changed?" I asked.

"Not much," said Mooney. "Those skin jewelers know very well when they have caught a cucker."

The to-be bridegroom arose.

He grabbed me by the back of the neck and kicked me all the way down-stairs.

"Young man," said he, "if you show up around these club rooms, or dare stick your nose in at the wedding, you will get butchered."

I went sorrowfully home.

It seems to me that I am always unlucky in trying to oblige.

Hereafter I won't help a blind man across the street.

Mooney might say I did it just to get a chance to steal the pennies out of his tin cup, and kidnap his dog, if he had any.

R. T. EMMET'S BEST STORY, ENTITLED "THE ROSE OF THE WEST," BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

## Answers to Correspondents.

### To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents in sending number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. As considerable trouble has been caused by those who fail to mention the paper in which they wish their answers to appear, NOTICE is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 34 and 36 North Moore St., N. Y. Box 2730."

LENGTHY.—We cannot say who sent us the questions you refer to.

JNO. W. REBUS.—We have no exchange department in this paper.

ANXIOUS JAKE.—We have taken your suggestion into consideration, and find that we cannot comply with your request.

JNO. J. ROGERS.—We thought it advisable to change the title of our paper and did so. We do not intend to change the present title.

PAUL MEEHAN.—You can purchase a stamp album from any dealer in postage stamps; we cannot publish names and addresses in this column.

H. Q. R.—The largest tree in California is about 33 feet in diameter and about 300 feet high. 2 There is no premium on a half-dollar of 1809.

J. E. C.—You cannot enter the United States Army as a private until you are twenty-one years of age. In the meantime you may change your mind.

C. H.—During your idle hours read histories and study French or German. They are both useful languages. 2 There is no premium on the white cent of 1853. 3 To enlist on a United States war vessel apply at the navy yard in your city. 4 Writing fair.

MAZEPPA No. 2.—Twenty-six numbers of this paper will constitute a volume. 2 "A Rolling Stone," by Peter Pad, will cost you 5 cents. It is published in No. 73 of THE COMIC LIBRARY. For sale by your newsdealer, or we will send it to you upon receipt of the price.

M. Z.—We have just received word from the Brooklyn Fire Department that it will be necessary for you to write to the Civil Service Commissioners to find out when the next examination takes place for the Brooklyn Fire Department, as there is no fixed date.

M. D. LESSARD.—We cannot reveal the real name of that author. 2 They are different persons. Peter Pad (Geo. G. Small) died March 10, 1886. 3 "The Shorty's Trip Around the World" is contained in No. 35 of THE COMIC LIBRARY. Price 5 cents. Sent post paid upon receipt of the price.

BRAINS VS. BRAINS.—The present issue of postage stamps are of the following denominations: One cent, 2c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 8c., 10c., 15c., 50c., \$1, \$2 and \$3. The 30c. and 90c. have been discontinued. 2 "How to Collect Stamps and Coins" contains 64 pages, and is fully illustrated. Those stories about "Claude Duval" were published anonymously.

J. T. G.—We cannot describe the manufacture of printers' ink in this column. You can purchase it in cans ready for use much cheaper than you can make it by hand. 2 You can purchase all kinds of Columbian postage stamps from regular stamp dealers. They can be found in any large city; we cannot print their addresses in this column. 3 As only a few specimens are known to be in existence of some stamps, it would be impossible to obtain a complete collection. There are several collections in Europe valued at \$50,000. 4 If you will send us your name and address we will send you a catalogue of our publications free. 5 We do not know of any person by that name.

SHINER.—What is known as the postage stamp flirtation is as follows: Stamp on the left corner, upside down—I love you; stamp on the left corner, crossways—I love another; stamp on the left corner, straight up and down—I wish to be rid of your correspondence; the stamp placed at the bottom of the right corner, crossways—No; at the bottom of the right corner, upside down—Yes; stamp on the left lower corner—Do you love me? on the left lower corner, upside down—I am displeased; on the left lower corner, crossways—I wish to have your acquaintance; on the right corner, straight up and down—Business correspondence; on the left side, in the center—Accept me as a lover; left side, upside down—I am engaged; on the left side in the center, crossways—Who cares? in the upper right hand corner, with the head turned to the right—Danger, or we are watched.

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)



## Jack Wright and Frank Reade, Jr., the Two Young Inventors.

(Continued from page 8.)

"He was in the revolution, and died years before you were born."

"I never wuz werry good on dates," said Tim.

"Nor history," said Forrest, grimly. "Don't you think it would take an extraordinary sized gun to hold a keg of dynamite? And don't you think that if that explosive were shot from a powder gun, it would have been exploded in the weapon? And isn't it remarkable that you could catch a missile with your hands that was shot from a gun? And if you did catch it, wouldn't it have burst in your hands? And—"

"Haul to thar, my lad," gasped Tim. "One question at a time!"

"Then answer them in rotation."

"No, I won't! I quits. When I finds a feller don't believe wot I tells him, wot do I do? I stows my jawin' tackle."

"That," said Forrest, with a grim, cynical smile, "is about the safest course for you to pursue. Your stories won't bear criticism."

And with this parting shot he glided from the turret.

The boat ran on, and drew nearer to the big Chinese junk.

Jack now entered the turret to relieve Tim, and catching view of the clumsy native ship, he pointed at it, and said:

"Don't that vessel carry a remarkably large crew, Tim?"

"That she do, my lad, an' thar's guns at her ports too."

"So I observe. Do you notice how those Chinamen are watching?"

"Ay, ay. D'yer reckon as they means ter give us any trouble?"

"What are they loading that gun for?"

"I reckon we'd better dive out o' thar sight!"

"By all means. They are aiming the weapon this way now."

"Gee whiz, they must want stop us with a shot, an' investigate our cargo, blast thar timbers!"

And with a scowl on his brow, Tim grasped the sea-valve lever, drew it over, and the ballast rushed in.

Just as the boat began to sink, a shot roared from one of the big jingalls on the junk, and struck one of the deadlights of the Sea Serpent, smashing it to pieces.

As quick as a flash Jack closed the valves, started the pump, the descent of the boat was stopped, and she began to rise again.

The sea had begun to pour into her through the broken deadlight, and her interior would have filled, had Jack not acted so promptly.

"We can't go down now!" exclaimed the young inventor, in hurried tones. "We've got to face those slant-eyed ruffians. Drive her at the junk from the bow, and I'll teach them that they have a dangerous customer here to deal with!"

The war-like action of the Chinamen had plainly shown Jack that they were a lawless gang of plunderers, who expected to make profit by gaining possession of the Sea Serpent.

He hastened below, procured several hand grenades and a pistol, made his way out on deck, and as his boat rushed close to the junk he let the bombs fly at her.

They struck the wooden hull and exploded with loud reports.

Great holes were torn in the side of the junk, and as she began to fill and sink a loud chorus of yells burst from her crew.

They were armed to the teeth, and furious over the destruction of their vessel by the gallant young inventor.

Down went the junk, leaving the yelling horde swimming on the surface, and the diving boat would have dashed ahead, leaving them to gain the shore as best they could, had not an accident happened.

The Sea Serpent ran her bow upon a mud-flat, such as abound about the north-eastern coast of Borneo.

It brought her to a sudden pause, and the shock hurled Jack from the deck into the water.

He was sunk to his armpits and was buried to his knees in the mud.

Unable to move himself without assistance, Jack glanced at the boat and saw how she was caught in the mud flat.

The Chinamen now caught sight of him, and uttering a fiendish yell, they swam up to the young inventor and surrounded him.

"By heavens, they mean to murder me with the knives they carry in their hands!" muttered Jack, in dismay.

He aimed his revolver at the nearest of his foes and discharged three shots, striking a man each time he fired.

There were no more cartridges in his pistol, and his heart sank when he saw the rest of the crowd come swimming toward him.

There were a dozen of the furious Chinamen, and as they closed in around Jack, one of them seized him by the throat, to

keep his hands engaged while the rest raised their daggers to stab him.

"Help! help!" shrieked Jack, for he realized as he struggled with his opponent, that the savage horde were too much for him to cope with.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### A FATAL JOKE.

ALL the attendants of the Maharajah had been attracted by the loud trumpeting of the elephant on which Gen. Grant rode, and were rushing toward the swamp when the Storm King descended.

They were alarmed and astonished at the flying machine, but their amazement was increased when they saw Frank at the end of the rope seizing the bounding lion, and dragging it away from its intended victims.

A roar as deep and hoarse as thunder pealed from the mouth of the savage beast upon finding itself thus seized.

It was a gaunt, half starved brute, unlike an African lion in appearance, but it weighed about two hundred pounds, and taxed Frank's muscles so that he let it drop to the ground at once.

Alighting upon its paws in the swamp, it rushed swiftly away, but the Hindoos on foot and mounted on the nine other elephants sent a number of shots at it, dropping the beast dead.

Some of the attendants then extricated the elephant from the mire.

Barney had stopped the air-ship over the jungle, and Frank dropped to the ground and shouted up at the Irishman:

"Let her alight, Barney!"

"I will that," answered the Celt, and down she came.

Frank then hastened over to the men he had saved, and as they had alighted the general shook hands warmly with him and exclaimed:

"I thank you very much for your gallant conduct, sir. I am Gen. Grant, of the United States, and I would like to know your name."

"What!" cried Frank in amazement, "the ex-president? This is indeed a pleasure. I am an American inventor of the name of Frank Reade, Jr., and that air-ship is one of my productions."

"Indeed! I have heard of you and your marvelous contrivances. How happens it you chanced to pass this way so opportunely?"

"I am racing a rival inventor named Jack Wright around the world for a stake of \$10,000, and the glory of proving that my air-ship is more efficient than his submarine boat is."

"Ah, yes. I have seen that wonderful boy and greatly admired his extraordinary genius. I sincerely trust the race will end in a tie, for you are both magnificent fellows."

"You flatter us, general. But I can assure you that Jack Wright shall not beat me if I can prevent him, for I'm determined to win!"

"Bravo! You've got the right kind of spirit to make a success of your big enterprise. May the pluckiest of you win then."

"I must not delay," said Frank, after a few moments' chat. "Every moment is precious now, and I must be off."

Having bade farewell to the hunting-party, the young inventor got aboard the Storm King and she soared up into the sky again.

Crossing India she sped over the sea, and finally reached the coast of Arabia in the neighborhood of Cape El Asidah.

Passing over the Shamah mountains, the westerly spur of which was overshadowed by the high peak of Dahura, they reached the sandy plains of El Akkaf and ran for the Yemen country.

It bordered the Red sea, and was dotted by numerous villages.

Late in the afternoon a public well was seen at which a camel train had paused in one of the wadis or hollow basins, and as our friends were in need of fresh water Frank sent the air-ship toward it.

He had scarcely done so, when he observed a horde of wild Bedouins, mounted upon magnificent white horses, burst from a cluster of neighboring date-palms, and dash furiously toward the Arabian merchant.

These desert robbers were yelling like madmen, and brandishing their weapons in the air, firing at the camel train, and making every effort to intimidate their prey in order to secure an easy victory.

"Good heavens, Barney, look at those demons!" cried the young inventor.

"Begob it's hash they'll be after makin' av thar poor spalpeens at thar well, wanst they soak thim wid thim hooked swords they carry."

"Very likely, if we allow it."

"Is it thar loikes av a shindy we're ter have wid thim?"

"By all means. Call Pomp and Dobbs. Arm yourselves, and drive them away! Quick, or it will be too late!"

"Hurroo!" cried the fighting Irishman in delight. "All hands on deck! Git yer guns! Faith, there's a gang av shmoked

citizens beyant who's doyin' ter git kilt! Pomp, ye tarrier, where are yer?"

"Ise a-comin', honey!" roared the coon, down in the cabin.

"Confound the luck!" growled Dobbs, "we are continually fighting other people's battles, and I don't like it, at all."

As the air-ship swooped down toward the robbers, the three men ran out on deck, armed with rifles, and began firing at once, for the Bedouins had almost reached the well.

Surprised at the attack from the rear, the thieves glanced around.

One look was enough for them, for the sight of that strange monster coming down from the sky completely unnerved them.

Giving a wild yell, and forgetting all about their intended raid on the Arabs, they scattered and fled in all directions.

They howled at and whipped their horses, they yelled and prayed for mercy, and they invoked Mohammed to save them.

Past their victims they dashed, and the merchants, becoming equally as terrified, prostrated themselves on the sand, while the camels galloped away, uttering strange cries.

"Fire over their heads, to keep them going!" cried Frank, as he stopped the air-ship's descent a few feet from the ground.

"Go it, ye devils!" screamed Barney, blazing away. "Faix, it's no faster yez could go if yez wor chasin' a tin-dolly bill!"

"Keep on movin', chillen!" Pomp roared as he dexterously clipped off the top of a Bedouin's ear with a bullet.

"We're gwine fo' ter make yo' walk tukkey dis yere tripl' Fo' de lan' sakes! whut yo' yowlin' about anyway—dat hu't yo' eah?"

"Pon my word," remarked Dobbs, who enjoyed the Bedouins' terror, "we've saved those people and put their enemies to flight without bloodshed. There's some fun in this kind of work!"

"The machinery is grating horribly in the engine room for want of oil," said Frank presently, "We've got them going so they won't stop now. Dobbs, come in and take the wheel till I go down and lubricate the journals."

In went the man, and concealing an exultant feeling that showed for a moment in his eyes, he muttered:

"Good enough! And if I can accidentally (on purpose) run her against a tree, I may possibly put a stop to her flight!"

He took hold of the wheel, and Frank hastened below.

The Bedouins had become bunched again, and their steeds were pounding along together, the air-ship's speed having been graded to keep her about a hundred yards behind them.

Barney and Pomp were now firing so as not to wound the dusky rascals, yet the whistling bullets flew along so close to their heads that they expected every moment to get hit.

"On wid yez!" cried the excited Irishman. "Bedad I kin hardly stop meself from trowin' me bullets agin yer necks."

"Gosh amighty, how de win' blow," gasped Pomp. "It neah took dis niggah's breff, an'— Oh, golly! Dar goes my hat!"

The draught created by going so fast against the breeze had lifted his old straw hat from his woolly head, and he made a frantic grab for it, but it escaped him, and getting up on the edge of its brim, it rolled over the deck like a wheel.

Pomp made a wild rush for it.

Away shot the hat, and away rushed the coon in pursuit, while a roar of laughter escaped Barney as he watched the ducky make several unsuccessful dives after it.

The wind caught the hat, and sent it bowling along aft, and each time Pomp failed to catch it, made him all the more eager to get it into his clutches.

In fact, he became so interested in his chase, that he did not notice he was plunging along toward the edge of the deck.

There was a small hillock ahead of the boat, and as Dobbs thought he might break the Storm King's rudder by striking it, he slyly let her descend a few feet.

Barney was so interested watching Pomp, that he did not notice the rascal's action, and just as the coon reached the edge of the deck, the bow of the air ship struck the ground.

The shock sent the coon flying overboard head-first, but no damage was done to the rudder, as it cut through the soft dirt, plowed it up, and passed over the hillock.

"Murda!" yelled Pomp, as he landed on his head, "Ise killed!"

"Roony, ye spalpeen, roony!" roared Barney, as he darted aft and paused at the stern. "D'yer want ter git left behoind?"

"Stop de boat!" shouted Pomp, bounding to his feet, rushing after the Storm King, and waving his arms.

"We have no toime," chuckled the Irishman, who was delighted over the predicament of the coon. "Come on, ye ace av spades, or we'll lave yez ter shtarve in thar desert."

"Fo' hebbens' sakes, Barney, stop her, will yo'? I kain't catch up nohow!" groan-

ed the ducky, who was running with all his might and could not gain an inch.

"Kape on then an' I'll take charge av thar wheel," grinned the Celt.

It was too good a joke on the coon to spoil by stopping the air-ship, so he entered the turret, and as Frank just then called for Dobbs to help him, Barney kindly took charge of the wheel.

But he did not stop the machine.

He made her go a little faster, in fact.

Poor Pomp was running after her at the top of his speed, too badly winded to yell at him to stop, and as they were in a very hot climate, the sweat poured out of him in streams.

Barney was screaming with laughter.

His mirth did not last long, however, for he suddenly missed the Bedouins he had been pursuing.

They had suddenly wheeled around when he was not watching them, and drove their horses back the way they came from.

In so doing they saw the ducky, and recognizing him as one of those who had been on the air-ship's deck firing at them, they raised their lances, and dashed at him furiously.

A howl of horror escaped Pomp.

He paused, thoroughly exhausted and fell to the ground.

With a savage yell the Bedouins dashed up to him with their spears poised to bury them in his body.

A groan escaped the coon.

He thought his doom was sealed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DON'T FAIL TO READ THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF "THE ROSE OF THE WEST; OR, LANCE THALBERG'S MISSION," IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF HAPPY DAYS.

[This story commenced in No. 1.]

## MAZEPPA No. 2,

— THE —

Boy Fire Company of Carlton;  
OR,  
Plucky Work on Ladder and Line.

By ROBERT LENNOX,

Author of "Wide Awake Will, the Plucky Boy Fireman of No. 3," "Harry Hook, the Boy Fireman of No. 1," "Dick Dasher, the Boy Bicycle Rider," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XIX.

THE GOVERNOR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

ON hearing that her father, the governor of the State, had arrived, Dora Pelham hastened to meet him. She found him in her aunt's room, of course, and was caught in his arms as quick as she could get to him.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come," she said to him, as soon as she had finished greeting him.

"Are you really well, daughter?" he asked, holding her off at arm's length, and gazing at her with all the solicitude of an anxious father.

"Yes, father. I never felt better in all my life. I've been sitting up all night, and I suppose that makes me seem wearied, but I am not the least bit so."

"Been sitting up all night? Why, that is all wrong, my dear."

"Yes, I know, but I just had to. Mr. Hazen, the young fireman who saved my life at the fire, was nearly killed in front of this hotel last night, trying to save an old beggar woman from being run over by the fire engines. They brought him into the house, and I've been nursing him ever since. How did you leave mother?"

"She is not well, and you must go to her as soon as possible," the governor replied.

"Why, is she so very ill?"

"Not very ill, but enough so to need the presence and attention of a loving daughter."

"Then I'll go at once. I didn't know she was the least bit unwell. When will you leave, Father?"

"At 4 P. M."

"I'll be ready by that time," and she hurried to her own room to look after the packing of her trunks.

She had been half an hour engaged in that task when she stopped suddenly, gazed up at a picture of her distinguished father on the wall, and seemed to be engaged in a deep study. A few minutes later she spoke out her thoughts:

"Aunt is at the bottom of this, I am sure. She telegraphed father to come for me, and mother is no more ill than I am. I am going to see about it at once," and she stopped packing her trunk to go in search of her father again. She found him in consultation with her aunt—her father's sister. Said she:



"Father, you are going to see Mr. Hazen before you go, are you not?"

"Of course, my dear, and thank him for saving your life."

"Do you know aunt hasn't been near him and he saved her own child's life too?" Mrs. Morton turned pale and then red, her gray eyes flashing.

"I am not going to see him either," she said. "He has been thanked enough for doing his duty. He is ignorant and presumptuous, and too much praising has made him a nuisance."

"Father, who telegraphed you to come here for me?" Dora asked, and the abrupt question startled both her father and aunt.

"Why, who told you I had been telegraphed for?" her father asked.

"Don't ask any questions till you have answered mine. Did aunt or uncle telegraph for you?"

"Yes—I telegraphed to him," said her aunt, defiantly.

"Why did you?"

"Because I thought it best to do so," was the reply.

"Indeed! Well, you can rest assured that I shall tell him all I know of your hopeful son, who is at the bottom of all this."

"Why, what in the world is the matter?" exclaimed the governor, as Mrs. Morton burst into tears and left the room.

"I will tell you all, father," and in ten minutes she had told him all she knew of the performances of her cousin, Al Morton, since the burning of the Morton residence.

The governor was dumfounded. He had always held a high opinion of his sister's son. This seemed to shock him.

"But did he not do all this for love of you, dear?" he asked.

"Perhaps he did, but would an honorable man have stooped so low? I would marry a common corner loafer in preference to one like him."

"Tell me, are you in love with this young fireman?" her father asked.

"I don't know whether it is gratitude or love. I have found him to be a gentleman and a brave man. He is really a boy yet—only about my own age, and has never presumed on his service to me. He has never called here save when I sent for him, once to thank him and once to bring me the silver trumpet I gave him. I am sorry to say it, but aunt has not told you the truth about him."

"Tut, tut! Don't say that, dear," said her father.

"I have already said it," she replied.

"Well, pack up your things and we'll leave at four o'clock."

She returned to her room to resume the task of packing her trunks, aided by a maid.

Her aunt came in and shut the door.

Turning upon her niece, she hissed:

"Dora Pelham, you have ruined my son! A week from now you will wish you had never been born! Your name will be a by-word on the streets of Carlton!"

Dora was equal to the emergency.

"You are capable of making it so, aunt," she replied.

"I think I shall regret more that you are my father's sister than anything else. You forget that you are actually pushing your son into the penitentiary."

The mother staggered against a bureau for support.

"I think I have influence enough to have the law pushed against him," Dora said further.

"As the mother of a convict your position in society would be an enviable one, wouldn't it?"

Her aunt gasped for breath.

Dora had cut her in a vital place.

She was a woman to whom social position was everything, and here she was in danger of social ruin. The personification of selfishness herself, she could not forgive it in others.

"You have brought it all on yourself, aunt," Dora said. "I am in no way responsible for it."

"What are you going to do?" her aunt asked her.

"I am going to wait and see what you do," was the diplomatic reply.

She was something of a politician as well as her father, and knew how to hold her aunt at bay.

"I—I won't say a word," her aunt finally said.

"Well, that's all right then. But we'll never speak to each other again after I leave here, aunt. I'll never, never forgive you as long as I live," and there was a decisiveness in her tones that made her aunt stare.

"I am sorry," said her aunt.

"I don't think you are," retorted Dora, and she turned and went on packing her trunk.

Mrs. Morton left the room, and returning to her own, sent for the governor, who had gone down-stairs to receive visits from the politicians.

He sent word back that he would be up again as soon as possible.

In the meantime Dora paid a visit to

Tom after the doctor had redressed the wound on his head.

She found Jack Thorn and Ben Stewart there.

"Oh, I am so glad you boys have come," she said, as she shook hands with each of them.

"Tom was here last night, and when the fire bell clanged I said to him to be prudent for my sake, and he ran out and got hurt right before my eyes. Now if I were his wife, I'd give him a good scolding—that's what I'd do."

"Do you want to scold me?" Tom asked.

"Yes, indeed. I really think you deserve a good scolding."

"Well, if you'll promise to scold me, I'll marry you," said he, looking her full in the face.

She turned to Jack, saying:

"You hear him. Go and get a minister and just say Tom wants him. You and Ben shall be the only witnesses."

"Oh, Lord!" gasped Jack. "Will you marry our Tom?"

"Yes, say nothing, though. My father has come to take me away. I have a fortune in my own right and I am going to give it and myself to the man who saved my life at the risk of his own," and she turned and laid her hand in Tom's.

"Oh, Dora!" Tom murmured. "This is more than I could ever hope for. I am not dreaming, am I?"

"No, dear. You are wide awake," she replied.

Jack soon came back to report that a minister would soon be there.

When he came and asked to be shown up to Hazen's room the clerk at the desk stared.

"He sent for me," the minister said by way of explanation.

He was shown up to the room and the news went all through the house that the young fireman was so near death's door that a minister had been sent for.

That created no little excitement and the governor said:

"I wish to see him as soon as the minister leaves. I never dreamed he was so badly hurt."

Half an hour later the minister came down and many guests rushed forward to ask how the young fireman was.

"I think he is doing very well," he replied.

"Is he near death?"

"No, I think not. On the contrary, he is the happiest man in the State just now. I married him to Miss Pelham a few minutes ago."

That was a bombshell in the big hotel. The news flew like flashes of lightning, and the minister disappeared. The governor was shocked, but kept perfect control of himself. A few minutes later he remarked:

"Every woman should have the right of her own choice for a husband. My daughter is very level-headed, so her choice is mine too, though I have not yet seen the young man."

He was an adroit politician to the last.

## CHAPTER XX.

### AN UNEXPECTED OCCURRENCE.

WHEN the governor sent in to know if he could see Hazen, Dora told the messenger to show him up. A few moments later he came in, and she sprang forward, threw her arms about his neck, kissed him, and said:

"You won't be angry with me when you know him?"

"No, dear. If you are satisfied, I am sure I have nothing to say. So you are the young rogue, eh?" and he extended his hand to Tom, as he spoke.

"I couldn't help loving her, sir," Tom replied, as he shook his hand.

"No, I suppose not. Such things have happened before, and will happen again as long as the world stands. I hope you will be kind to her, for she has always been a dutiful daughter to her parents, and this is the only thing I ever knew her to do without consulting us."

"I just couldn't go and leave him here all alone, father," said Dora, "and after what has happened, I couldn't very well stay here with aunt."

"Yes, yes, I see how it is, you sly puss," said her father. "You both shall have my blessing, and as soon as possible you must bring him home to see us. I am going to leave at four o'clock, to tell your mother all about it."

Dora then introduced him to Jack and Ben, and he shook hands with them, saying that Mazeppa No. 2 had the best reputation as a wide awake fire company of any in the State.

The news soon spread through the city that Tom Hazen, the young fireman of Mazeppa No. 2, had been married to the daughter of the Governor of the State. Everybody was praising him for risking his life to save an old beggar woman.

The members of the fire company whooped like so many young Indians when they heard it.

In the meantime Al Morton remained in his room at the hotel. His lawyer had succeeded in having his appearance at

court postponed, and his father was doing all in his power to have the matter hushed up entirely.

Mrs. Morton took to her bed when she heard of the marriage, and would see no one but her husband and the governor.

"There's no use in making any fuss over it," the governor said to her. "It would ruin me politically were I to do so, for the working people have votes, you know. She has money enough for both, and in a little while you'll see him as though he had been rich all his life."

"Oh, I can't ever forgive her," said Mrs. Morton, as though utterly heartbroken.

Dora took charge of Tom and gave him the promised scolding, telling him he should not run to another fire till he had learned to be prudent.

That evening the members of Mazeppa No. 2, dressed in clean, neat uniforms, came to the hotel in a body. They brought the beautiful engine along to be ready for a fire, they said. It was covered with flowers, and bore an immense floral wreath which they carried in and presented to the bride.

Tom was sitting up in bed with bandages round his head, and the boys crowded about him to shake his hand.

"Tom, are you going to shake us now?" Bill Saxton asked, as he stood at the foot of the bed.

"No!" said Tom. "I'll never shake one of you fellows as long as I live. I don't know what she's going to do with me, though."

The boys roared, and Dora said:

"Neither of us will ever forget you. You shall all be as brothers to us. I am incapable of ingratitude—whatever other faults I may have."

"Boys, she hasn't any faults," Tom said. "She is the true blue, and is going to ride with us on our parade."

"Whoop!" yelled Ben Stewart unable to depress himself.

"Keep quiet, Ben," said Tom, "I am foreman yet if I have committed matrimony."

"No you ain't! She's foreman!" retorted Ben, and they shouted again.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

The great fire bell had called the firemen of the city to their post of duty, and every member of Mazeppa went bounding down the stairs of the hotel to join their engine in the street.

In the rush several guests were rudely jostled and one was upset and went rolling on the floor. Even Tom, forgetting himself, sprang out of bed and would have gone with them had not Dora caught and pulled him back.

"I shall have to keep you tied, Tom," she said to him. "I believe you'd rather run to a fire than stay with me."

"I beg pardon. I have been in the habit of jumping when that bell struck."

"Yes, but you've got to mind another sort of belle now."

"Oh, I'm willing to mind," and he laughed softly as he returned to the bed.

The fire was at the house of Mrs. Raines, in the floor below her. Being a frame building, it burned like a pile of pine shavings, and a half dozen people had to be taken from the windows. Among them was the widow and her daughter—saved twice by the same fire company.

Jack Thorn saved her this time, and Dan Allen got the widow out. Members of Vigilance Company saved three others.

This time Dottie kept her head. She didn't faint at all, and out on the street she asked one of the young firemen where Tom was.

"At the Carlton House with his wife," was the reply.

"With his wife!" she almost shrieked.

"Yes; he and Dora Pelham were married this morning. You knew he was hurt last night, didn't you?"

"Yes," and she seemed to almost turn to stone, so white and rigid did she become.

She and her mother went to the home of a friend near by, and the firemen continued to fight the flames as long as there was a spark to be seen. Then they went on home to their quarters.

The next day Jack went to make inquiries for the widow, and soon found where she was stopping.

"I want to know something about your losses," he said to her. "You know Mazeppa No. 2 say your Dottie belongs to them."

"Our losses are nothing at all," she replied, "for we insured all our furniture as soon as we got it."

"Well, you're a wise woman," Jack remarked.

"I am glad I had sense enough to do that, anyway."

"Yes, so am I, but if you need any help let us know. Where is Dottie?"

"She is in our room. Do you wish to see her?"

"Yes, if you please."

He waited till the young girl came in, and greeted her with a hearty handshake.

"How about the ride on the parade?" he asked her.

"Oh, I can't do it!" she replied.

"Why not?"

"Why, who would look at me with a bride on the next horse?"

Jack laughed heartily.

"Do you want the people to stare at you?" he asked.

"What a question!" and her pretty nose turned up toward the ceiling.

"Why not go as a bride yourself?" he asked.

"Whose bride?"

"Mine, if you can make up your mind to do so."

She looked hard at him for a minute or so, and he said:

"I mean it, Dottie. I love you but was afraid to say so, because I thought you liked Tom better."

"Are your wages enough for two?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Can my mother live with us?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll have you."

Jack was beside himself with joy, and he hastened for a minister to perform the ceremony.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### AL MORTON A MANIAC.

TOM read in the papers the next morning how Jack Thorn had saved Dottie Raines and her mother from a fiery grave.

"It's the second time Mazeppa No. 2 has saved them," he said to Dora, by his bedside.

"Yes, they seem to be unfortunate about fires," Dora remarked. "I am very sorry for them and must go and see them as soon as I know where they live."

"Some of the boys will be in this evening," said Tom, "and any of them can tell you, I guess."

"It's hard for them to lose everything again. Of course Dottie won't ride in the parade now."

"I don't know. She has a sunny disposition and would be willing to do anything to please the boys."

They were thus talking when a card was handed in on which was written:

"Jack and Dottie."

"Show them up," Dora said.

Jack and Dottie came up, hand in hand.

Dora greeted Dottie with a kiss, and Jack and Tom shook hands like the bosom friends they were.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," Dora said to Dottie. "Tom and I were just talking about you and feeling so sorry you had lost everything again."

"We had everything insured," Dottie replied, and the two sat and talked in whispers for some minutes.

"Hello! Dora!" Tom suddenly sang out.

Dora started and asked:

"What is it?"

"Jack and Dottie are married!"

"Oh, my! and in another moment the two brides were again clasped in each other's arms."

"Well, well," exclaimed Tom, "I am glad of it, old man. You are making good wages and can take care of her."

"Yes, and she's going to ride on the engine horse too," said Jack.

Ere the happy couple left the hotel Dora had given Dottie a check for one thousand dollars to fit up a home with and promised to be as a sister to her as long as she lived.

The boys at the engine house when they heard of Jack's marriage to the beautiful shop girl they made up their minds to have a grand jubilee, and a committee was appointed to get it up.

"Hold on now, boys," said Bill Saxton. "Our parade and jubilee can all be merged into one. With the two brides riding our engine horses on parade we'll have a jubilee enough. We'll take the town by storm, and the other companies won't be in it with us."

They agreed with him and at once turned all their energies toward making the parade a jubilee.

Ben Stewart and Dan Allen called on Tom for some instructions two days later at the Carlton House. They found him sitting in a rocking-chair still in the hands of the physician.

"If the bell rings just keep your seat, Tom," Ben said to him. "We can attend to the fires. You've won the right to rest."

"That's the best advice that's been given him yet," said Dora.

"I am not going to stir out until the doctor tells me I am all right," Tom replied. "He says I'll be all right in time for the parade."

They went down-stairs to leave the hotel and were met in the main office by some young dudes who had been drinking.

"Oh, here's some of those young fire dogs!" sung out one of them, and he whistled at them as if calling a dog.

Dan Allen was mad as a hornet in an instant.

He walked up to the offending young man, and dealt him a blow on the nose that laid him flat on his back on the floor.



In another instant two of the others pitched into Dan, and then Ben went to his assistance.

In just half a minute four other young firemen got mixed up in it, and a regular rough and tumble riot was on hand.

The police came in and made arrests right and left, but Dan and Ben got away, and hurried back to the engine house without having received but a few scratches.

Tom laughed when he heard of it.

"The boys of Mazeppa No. 2 can take care of themselves every time," he said to Dora. "They are bad boys to have against you, and the best friends in the world when you need friends. They are not afraid of fire nor of men."

"So it seems. Those young men got what they deserved, and I am glad of it."

"Have you seen your Cousin Al since our marriage?" Tom asked of Dora.

"No. The servants say he stays in his room and has his meals sent up to him."

## CAPTAIN BEN.

By ALLYN DRAPER.

CAPTAIN BEN was the master of a coasting schooner, and had as pretty a wife and child as one would wish to see.

The lad was between five and six years of age, and as handsome as a picture; having dark hair like his mother, and large beautiful brown eyes fringed by long, silken lashes that swept his chubby cheeks.

Mary was a lovely woman, and as good as she was beautiful; never a word of anger or impatience ever passed her lips.

It was thought strange that she should have married a rough, seafaring man like Captain Ben, but she loved him and was devoted to him, and that was sufficient.

ed, and now that there was no need of prompt action, he was as weak as a child. He went to his cabin, sang and laughed like a child, and talked in the most incoherent manner.

He paid no heed to the words of his officers, but sat gazing blankly at the wall, ever and anon pressing his hand to his forehead.

The mate offered to give him something that would quiet him and relieve the pain in his head, which he presumed had been caused by the blow, but Ben refused.

"The trouble is too deep for you to reach," said Ben. "It has been there for years—for years!"

The mate said nothing, and Ben continued as though he was alone:

"The time will come when I shall have no place, neither at sea nor upon shore. God help the wife and child then, for no one knows what I may do."

went, after the accident, actually fearing to go home.

He loved his wife and child, and yet he knew he would kill them both some night when the fit was on him.

Had Mary ever reproached him or spoken angrily to him during his moody fits, it would have caused her death.

The man would have arisen in his wrath, the heart would be forgotten in the wild passions of the head, and in an instant he would have done that which an eternity could not undo.

It was well for little Benny that he was a merry, laughing boy, inheriting his mother's qualities and never showing petulance or anger; for if he had, his life would not be worth a farthing when his moody parent was in one of his spells.

Drink only made Ben worse, though he tried to deaden his senses and forget his mad impulses by resorting to that means.

It was a fatal error, and cost more than one life.

Ben returned home, and was gladly received by Mary and little Ben, who chattered and laughed and asked his father all sorts of questions, which Ben never grew tired of answering.

"The child is the only thing that can save me from myself," he said, one night when alone. "He is like his mother, and is an angel. He must go with me."

Ben was going to sail in a day or so, and, as the tide regulated his movements almost entirely, the start would be an early one.

It was the night before his departure, and Mary was sitting by little Benny's cradle, where the child lay asleep with its brown locks floating over the snowy pillows, when Ben entered.

He was dressed in his rough clothes, ready for sea, but instead of his usual glad looks that he wore when about to embark upon his beloved ocean, his face was clouded, and wore a sad, troubled expression.

"What is the matter, Ben?" asked Mary. "You look distressed. Do you fear a storm?"

"Ay, lass, there is a storm going on now, but it is here," and he clasped his head in his hands.

"Don't go away, then," she said, kindly. "Wait till it is over."

"No—no; you don't know what you ask. It would be dangerous. Oh, the horrible throbbing! Oh, the fierce desires! Wife—wife, I am going mad!"

He clenched his fists and put his hands to his head, an expression of pain coming into his face.

The wife, now thoroughly alarmed, and fearing that he was ill, threw herself upon her knees and implored him to give up this voyage.

"No, not I must go—I must," he said. "I should kill myself and you and Benny if I remained behind. I am going mad, and nothing but the sight of the wild ocean can calm me."

Mary had never heard him talk like this before, and she knew not what to make of it, whether the man was really mad or wild from drink.

"I tell you, wife," he said, strangely excited, "I must live away from you, or it will be your death. At times I know not what I may do, for I am mad!"

"Ben—Ben, don't talk like that," she said. "You have always been good to me and you have never heard me complain."

"No, lass, I haven't, and that is all that has saved your life and mine. I try to drown my horrible desires in drink, but they are only inflamed the more. I must go away and never come back."

"No, Ben, don't say that."

"It is the only safe way, and even then I know not what I may do. I shall want to kill someone. Ha, ha! I was born with a desire to shed blood, and I must do it, I must."

Mary threw her arms around his neck and tried to pacify him, but he threw her off, and turning to the boy's cradle said:

"My only hope is in that boy. He will save me from myself. He must go with me."

"What do you mean?" asked the poor wife, trembling.

"He must go with me. It is my only hope."

"Oh, Ben, spare him to me!" cried Mary. "He is all I have when you are away. He is too young to brave the dangers of the deep."

"If he goes not I shall be a murderer, so choose."

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot."

"Then I will save you the trouble!" cried Captain Ben.

Running to the cradle, he caught up the boy, bed clothes and all, wrapped him warmly in the blankets without ever waking him, seized his little suit that lay across a chair, and was gone in a moment.



THE WIFE, NOW THOROUGHLY ALARMED, AND FEARING THAT HE WAS ILL, THREW HERSELF UPON HER KNEES AND IMPORED HIM TO GIVE UP THIS VOYAGE.

"What has been done about his case?"

"I haven't heard a word about it. I haven't spoken to any of the family since father left."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and do not care to, either."

"I am sorry you and your aunt do not speak."

"Well, I am not. She tried to have me sent away, and I told her I'd never speak to her again as long as I lived, and I don't think I will."

Just then the door flew open, and Al Morton stood on the threshold, his eyes blood-shot, hair unkempt, and a revolver in his hand.

Dora uttered a scream, and sprang to the side of Tom's rocking chair to screen him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from Al.

"By George," whispered Tom; "he is off his base—clean gone! Get away, Dora!"

"No, no," she said. "He'll kill you."

"Get away, I tell you!" and he pushed her roughly aside.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the maniac. "It's another fire now with bullets in it. You would be happy and leave me to misery and despair, cousin. He never loved you as I do. Ha, ha, ha! You can have each other in death. I am going to have my revenge. They told me what to do, and how to do it. Ha, ha, ha! You'll both be un-ited in death. Yes, yes! Die, both of you!"

Crack!

Tom sprang from his chair and Dora screamed.

The next moment Tom and the maniac were rolling over and over on the floor in a death struggle, and hurrying footsteps were heard in the corridor.

Crack!

Plastering fell from the ceiling, and Dora sank to the floor in a death-like swoon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ben never treated her unkindly, though he drank when on shore, though never when at sea, knowing his business too well for that, and was not always as sociable as he might have been, often sitting glum and silent the whole evening.

Mary saw that something troubled him, and would often try to get him to tell her what it was, that she might help him.

"No—no, lass," he would cry, "the trouble is too deep for you to reach. You're a good soul, but you cannot help me in this. God save others from the same trouble."

Then he would sit and brood for hours, letting his pipe go out and seeming oblivious to all around him, while the fire burned out and the light grew dim, retiring at last when the night was half spent and arising before the dawn.

When at sea, his sailors said he seemed happy, and never said a harsh word or looked sullen, though at times there would be a strange, wild light in his eyes that they could not account for.

One terribly stormy night, when every effort was needed to prevent the schooner from foundering, the winds and waves being fiercer than he had ever seen them, Captain Ben was struck on the head by a block and thrown to the deck insensible.

The greatest consternation arose, and it was a mercy that the vessel was not wrecked.

Every man seemed incapable of action, and rushed wildly to and fro, all shouting and gesticulating, and doing nothing for the safety of the craft.

At last, when the danger was most imminent, Captain Ben recovered from his faint and gazed about him.

He issued his orders in a peremptory tone, and the sailors flew to their task, and ere long the vessel was safe.

Then Ben seemed to be strangely affect-

ed, and now that there was no need of prompt action, he was as weak as a child.

Then he was silent for some time, but finally resumed his musings.

"The blow on the head has stirred up the old trouble. I must not go home so soon this time. I must make longer voyages. Only on sea am I safe."

Then he broke out into a wild laugh and strode up and down the cabin, unmindful of the presence of the mate, muttering disjointed sentences, and occasionally singing in a low voice.

The mate knew not what to think, and he finally left the room, as Ben paid no attention whatever to his questions, no more than if he had not heard them.

Was Captain Ben drunk, that he raved thus?

No, he was insane!

His father before him had been a raving maniac, and had killed three of his keepers.

Ben had inherited the fatal malady, and the blow on the head had awakened it and set his brain on fire.

He dared not remain at home long at a time, for his insane fancy prompted him to hurt those he loved most.

It was only the depth of love in his big heart that saved him, for the affections are oftentimes stronger than other feelings, and rule the mind.

Had he loved his darlings less, his diseased brain would have prompted him to he knew not what horrible crime; but, as yet, the will was controlled by the heart.

He was well aware of his malady, and often when it seemed as if he must spring upon his loving wife and dash her brains out, he had only controlled himself by a strong effort, and fearing to trust himself, had rushed out into the night and remained away until his affections had got the better of his insane ideas.

He remained at sea longer than was his



Poor Mary fainted, and when she recovered the room was dark.

She ran to the window and threw it open, letting in a flood of moonlight.

She looked out upon the little bay, and saw that the tide was just at the full.

She glanced along the coast to the little wharf just visible from where she stood, and her heart gave a great bound.

Something white glistened in the moonlight.

It came nearer, and suddenly shot across the path of light that danced over the waters, and appeared in full view before her startled gaze.

It was her husband's vessel, Mary and Ben, bound to sea.

On board was her child, and she would never see him again.

"God's will be done!" she cried, and burying her face in her hands, stood by the open window until the schooner was out of sight.

There never was such a favorite on board a vessel as little Benny was.

Everybody loved him, and worked the harder for his being with them, and the captain himself was a changed man.

He was no longer moody, never drank, and was the best captain that ever sailed a ship.

Benny enjoyed himself, and though he occasionally missed his mother, there was so much to see and wonder at that his mind was constantly occupied.

For two years was Ben from home, visiting port after port, exchanging cargoes and going on a regular roving commission.

Benny, though scarcely eight years old, knew as much as any sailor on board, and could give orders for the proper handling of the vessel as well as Captain Ben himself.

He learned rapidly, and soon knew whatever there was to be seen in the various places he visited.

Ben was safe as long as the boy was with him, but at last, after two years more, his vessel was chartered by a firm who wished to send a cargo to the very town where Ben lived, and he was obliged to return.

He had written to his wife often, and so had Benny, who was an active boy of ten years, strong, bright, shrewd and knowing, and as lovable in disposition as ever.

During this time Mary had become reconciled to her boy's absence, because she knew that his father was safe only because he was with him.

She had heard the whole story of Ben's insanity, and was glad that her boy had a good influence upon the unfortunate man.

There is an end to all things, and there came a time when it pleased God to take the lad away, and leave the poor man to his fate—to the fury of his wild, insane passions.

It was a furious night, and the vessel had never experienced such a fearful gale.

Every man did his best, but it seemed impossible to avoid a wreck.

The lightning was terrific, and one living, glowing ball of fire struck the gaff at the mainsail, and shattered it from end to end.

A large splinter came crashing to the deck, and struck Benny on the head, knocking him senseless.

Then a wave, more mighty than any before it, rushed upon the devoted ship, and swept her decks.

With a cry of horror Ben saw his beloved child washed into the sea, and tried to leap after him.

The sailors prevented him from doing so, and lashed him to the mast.

"Let me go to him, let me go to my boy!" he shrieked.

"It is beyond the power of human aid to save him!" said the mate. "We should only lose our own lives."

"Then let me die with him!"

"No—no, we cannot let you. Your life is not to be thrown away. When your time comes, you will be called."

"Then beware!" yelled Ben, "for I shall not answer for myself. My good angel has gone, and the fury has returned. I will kill you or myself, I care not which."

Poor Benny's body was never recovered, of course, and the men felt their loss keenly.

The storm abated, and the vessel sped upon its homeward way, with wind and tide in its favor.

Captain Ben was an altered man after that.

He was not a man at all; he was a brute. By degrees his frenzy returned, and he was the same moody wretch he had been before Benny came with him.

He was cross and brutal to his men, and made a poor, sick sailor work all night at the pump, to punish him for some fancied fault, and in the morning the man was dead.

The vessel was but two days from home, when he grew angry at the mate for some trifling thing, and, with a volley of oaths, struck him on the cheek with his open hand.

The mate retaliated in kind and swore that he would have redress in the courts;

but Ben, seizing the cook's ax, rushed upon the officer and split his skull open with one blow.

The sight of blood seemed to excite him to fresh deeds of violence, and he literally hacked the dead body of the man to pieces and hurled it into the sea.

He was not a man—he was a raving maniac, and no one dared come near him or speak to him.

The vessel was put into port somehow, Captain Ben paying no heed to the sailors, but the instant he saw the harbor and the wharf he jumped overboard and swam to land.

He rushed into his own house all wet and dripping, and threw Mary almost into hysterics by his sudden and strange appearance.

The same terrible look was in his eyes which she had seen there when he went away.

"Where is Benny?" she asked.

"Drowned! ha-ha! and they would not let me follow him. It would have been better for them if they had, better for me, too!"

"You have killed him!" she cried, in agony.

"No—no, it was beyond me to save him. It was not my doing. I knew better than that, though I am mad. Ha-ha! I was not foolish enough to destroy my only hope of peace. No—no; it was a higher power than mine. May a curse—"

"Ben—Ben, don't, for the love of Heaven!" cried Mary, imploringly. "This is blasphemy! Don't curse the Hand that gave and took away our child!"

"You, too, rail at me!" he cried. "You mock at my sorrow! Enough!"

With a fiendish shriek he threw her from him, and while she lay upon the floor, seized a chair and broke it in pieces upon her defenseless head.

Blow after blow he rained upon that beautiful form, and it was only when he had no weapon in his hand that he desisted.

He was mad—insane, and was capable of doing almost anything.

He rushed from the house, leaving his poor, dead wife behind, and fled to the woods, where he wandered about like a wild beast.

He was hunted, but escaped, and a month afterward was found a hundred miles from the place, near the asylum over which my uncle presided.

He was captured without difficulty, and soon his melancholy story was known.

He was pronounced incurable, and a guard was kept over him for a long time.

He finally eluded the vigilance of the guards and took his own life, as he had long threatened to do.

At last the poor haunted man was at rest, and let us hope that in a better world, happy with his wife and child, his mind clear and calm, lives in eternal bliss, poor CAPTAIN BEN.

ANOTHER GRAND STORY WILL COMMENCE IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF HAPPY DAYS.

## HANDSOME HARRY

— OF THE —

### FIGHTING BELVEDERE.

By CASTON CARNE,

Author of "Around the World on a Safety," "Across the Continent on a Safety," "We Three; or, The White Boy Slaves of the Soudan," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LIII.

(Continued.)

It was Harry's intention to land the natives as near to their own particular country as possible; but it required a little deliberation as to what should be done with Cartouche and Hans.

He looked upon slave dealers as the lowest class of ruffians on earth. There was nothing manly in their villainy; they did not risk much in their nefarious pursuits, and dealt only in weakness and misery.

Your true slave-dealer is invariably remorseless, too. He will not, when pursued, hesitate to put an end to his "cargo," if it can be done without fear of detection. He knows nothing of the value of life, and cares for no loss or suffering but his own.

He resolved to give them the choice of two things—the yard-arm, or to be put ashore with the black people. This was done, and they decided to be put ashore.

"But give me arms!" pleaded Cartouche; "just von leetle gun to shoot. Ve are not natifs; ve shall starve vithout de gun."

This was reasonable, and the gun, with a fair amount of ammunition, was promised. Hans received the promise sullenly, but the eyes of Cartouche glittered,

Later on Ira came to Harry to make a request.

"Cap'n," he said, "I want a faver."

"Anything in reason I will give you," replied Harry.

"Thank you. You've seen that tall nigger?"

"Yes; I've noticed him."

"Very different to the rest."

"Very."

"Now he don't belong to this part of Africa," said Ira; "I reckon that he comes hundreds of miles further north, and to put him ashore here would be like putting him in a nest of hornets."

"But I cannot go north," urged Harry.

"You may do so one day, and in the meantime I ask you to let me have the man for a servant."

"I thought you didn't care for attendance, Staines; that you were an independent man?"

"I've got the fancy on me to keep this fellow, cap'n; and, if you like, I'll board him myself."

"Oh, no," said Harry; "there is no lack of food on board the Belvedere."

"Then he may stay?"

"Certainly. Have you spoken to him yet?"

"Yes; but he hasn't answered me."

"Sulky?"

"No; as far as I can make out, dumb."

"Poor fellow."

Ira thanked his captain once more, and retired. On deck he met with Tom, to whom he related what had taken place.

"Rather you than me," said Tom, shrugging his shoulders; "for, with all his quiet ways, a devil lies hidden beneath that dark skin."

"And many a devil lies under a white," replied Ira; "why should I trouble about it? I want the man, and I am going to take him."

At length the African coast was sighted, and the natives were put ashore two clear hours before Hans and Cartouche were landed. They could not be trusted with arms, and the time mentioned gave them, as Ira said, "a clear run for it."

When it came to the turn of the two whites, they were put into a boat, and Harry himself went with it, accompanied by Samson and Ching-Ching. Samson had a rifle, and Ching-Ching carried an old-fashioned pistol, which he had loaded to the very muzzle with all sorts of missiles and combustibles.

Just before starting Ching-Ching had ventured to doubt the policy of giving arms to the Frenchman and his companion.

"He very bad, Sammy," he said; "he try some game with dat gun."

"Den I try anoder game wif dis," returned Samson; and so the two kept an eye upon the Frenchman.

Utterly without treachery in his own nature, Harry was not prone to suspect it in others, and he put the Frenchman ashore with his rifle and powder, without once thinking that the weapon might be turned against him.

The boat pushed off, and the Frenchman seized the rifle. It was already loaded, and cocking it, he took aim.

"One shot for my leetle ship," he said, firing.

Neither Samson nor Ching-Ching were prepared for so sudden an onslaught, and the shot took effect in Harry's shoulder. A terrific shout of rage burst from the men who were rowing, and Cartouche uttered a yell of gratified malice.

It was his last cry on earth, for Samson's rifle and Ching-Ching's pistol sent out their deadly messengers, and leaping up, Cartouche fell upon his face, shot through the heart.

Hans turned and fled to the forest, and they let him go. What fate he met with there was never known, for no man who knew him ever set eyes on or heard of him again.

CHAPTER LIV.

A PEEP AT THE DARK VALLEY.

HARRY lay insensible at the bottom of the boat, and at first they thought he was dead; but Samson, raising him in his brawny arms, found that he still breathed, and in hurried tones bade the men pull back to the Belvedere.

The exchange of shots and Harry's fall had been observed from the vessel, and an eager throng gathered to the side, each face a type of anxious woe.

"Is he hurt much?" was Tom's first question.

"Me no know," replied Samson, sorrowfully, "he very still."

"I know something of wounds," said Ira; "but not much. Let me look at him."

They laid Harry down and the American bent over him and made a rapid examination.

"This is too much for me," he said; "the bullet lies too deep for a crude hand like mine."

A touch upon his shoulder caused him to turn round, and he beheld the man he had chosen for his servant.

"Well," said Ira; "can you heal him?"

The man made a sign that he would try. "Can you extract a bullet?"

The signal given signified "Yes."

"You have some instruments on board, I hope," said Ira to Tom.

"There is everything in the cabin, I believe," was Tom's reply.

They carried him down gently and laid him upon the couch. Tom dismissed all but himself and Ira, and bade Samson remain by the door. Samson took up his post, and Ching-Ching squatted down beside him. No jokes, no larking now, for their captain was going near the Dark Valley of Death.

A splendid case of surgical instruments was found in a cupboard, and his clothing having been cut away, Ira's dark servant searched the wound skillfully.

"Near his heart," he signaled, "and very dangerous to probe."

"Can he live with it there?" asked Tom. A shake of the head.

"Do you think you can extract it?"

The eyes of the man answered "Yes."

"Then do it."

With all the care and gentleness of a practiced surgeon, the stranger proceeded with his task, and in a few minutes brought the bullet forth. It was followed by such a torrent of blood that it seemed as if his very life was flowing out. The skillful operator closed the wound with some lint and bound it tight.

The blood soaked through, and a few drops trickled down the skin. The bands were drawn tighter, and the blood stopped. A smile passed over the face of the operator.

"Saved?" asked Tom and Ira together.

"For the present, but he will need care," replied the man in dumb show. "At present he ought to be left to rest."

They understood him, and when he signaled that he should like to remain and watch over him they made no demur.

"How Massa Harry now?" asked Samson, as they went out.

"Better," replied Tom; "but he must be kept quiet. You will see that nobody comes to disturb."

"Chingy and me do dat," said Samson. "Eh, Chingy!"

Ching-Ching looked very solemn, and sat down against the door with the look of one determined not to rise from that seat until the sick man got well. Tom and Ira, smiling sadly, left the faithful guardians at their post.

"That's a strange fellow I've picked up, Tom," said Ira.

"A very clever one."

"He's got the skin of a nigger, but the ways of a European surgeon."

"Yes; perhaps he came from Europe."

"Hardly probable, Tom," said Ira, musing; "and yet I think I have seen the face before. There is something about the eyes which seem familiar. Somehow it seems to daunt me; and when he looks at me, he is the master and I am the man."

"You have made a fortunate choice as it turns out, Ira."

"Yes, and I hope he will pull our noble leader through."

"What shall we do if we lose him?"

"Get knocked on the head as soon as possible," said Ira.

They walked up and down the deck, sadly, and the men slipped past them with light and careful footsteps, as if they feared to disturb the wounded hero below.

Bill Grunt, not knowing who was on guard, went down to get a glimpse of his leader, but he came back in what sailors call a "brace of shakes," with a very flushed face.

"Mr. True," he said, "can't I have a peep at the cap'n?"

"Not yet," replied Tom; "it would do no good, and it might do harm."

"But couldn't I go on duty at the door?"

"There are two now, Grunt, that is enough; you are wanted here. Every man to his post!"

An hour passed, and Ching-Ching came up to Tom to say that the "berry black doctor" wanted to see him. He went below for a few moments and speedily joined Ira.

"Worse," he said; "a dangerous inflammation has set in."

Ira said nothing in reply, but looked out seawards and softly whistled. It was his way of concealing deep emotion.

Another hour and another message, and worse news from below.

"Unless a change takes place he will not live through the night."

"Oh, Tom," said Ira, "what is to be done?"

"I cannot tell," was Tom's despairing reply.

"He wants better medical aid."

"Where are we to get it?"

"Ah, Tom, where? Do you think it possible that—that—"

"What is in your mind, Ira?"

"Do you think it possible that that fellow is murdering him?"

"Who? What fellow?" exclaimed Tom.

"This savage—this doctor—whom we have so madly trusted."

"Good heavens, Ira, whatever put that thought in your head?"



do not know," replied Ira; "I only that the thought is here. The man I hate to me, yet I cannot but associate with the past. Dark deeds, dark crimes, fearful outrages, shrieks, and groans seem to fill the air in echoes, like the roaring of some disasterfall, when he is by. I was the to trust the man, and yet I loathe

ther hour and no better news—in matters were worse. Handsome was delicious.

"W harkee, Tom," said Ira, "I am deeper into doubt. Can we not?"

"I do not ask this time," replied Tom, "the usual restrictions to be s. Let us go below and ask."

"I went below and the dark attendant no objection to their visiting the. They entered and looked upon a sight.

"I was the tall, manly form which I had so often seen proudly erect, lystrate, the mind, erewhile so keen, clouded with delirium; the long arm lying helpless by his side.

Tom and Ira were deeply distressed; the dark attendant calm and immovable. As they drew near to the sick couch he backed towards the door, as if to make a speedy exit in case of need.

"His very blood seems to be on fire!" murmured Ira.

"Hark to his ravings," said Tom.

"Blood—a sea of blood!" cried Harry; "and rivers with wrong and outrage written thereon! Who comes here? A mother holding a babe in her arms! See how the child bleeds! Foul murder has been done here! But who is bad enough to slaughter an infant? What next? Ha! an old man, with a deep gash in his breast, holding up his hands in prayer, and behind him comes a ruffian! Stay your murderous hand, villain! Great Father of Mercies, 'tis done! He is slain! Now I see a ship laden with a hundred souls sinking into the sea! Why do they not take to the boats? Why not, at least, plunge into the water and swim for it? No, they cannot! They are bound! What fiend did this work? What pit is deep enough for him?"

"Awful!" murmured Tom.

"They are not his deeds," said Ira, who was pale as the image of death. "He sees but the crimes of another."

The swarthy doctor who had attended to his wounds stood shuddering by the door.

"Wrong on wrong!" exclaimed Harry; "deed on deed! blood upon blood! I see the murderer now! He kneels, and tries to wash his treble-dyed hands in the brook; but the more he washes the deeper the stain! And the brook, too, that has turned to blood! A bright form rises on the other side, and cries: 'Be thou accursed!' Oh, villain, villain!"

"This will wear him to pieces," said Tom; "are there no means of giving him a rest? An opiate of some sort. Where is the chest?"

The swarthy doctor came up behind and took a bottle out of the chest. From this he poured a few drops in a wine glass, and raising Harry's head, administered it.

The effect was electrical. The ravings ceased, and he sank down as quietly as a child in slumber.

"He knows what's what," whispered Ira. "So it seems," returned Tom.

"A word with you, friend?" said Ira, addressing the swarthy stranger; "is there any hope for our friend here?"

A moment's pause, and then he held up a finger.

"One."

"Yes! what is it?"

The doctor pointed towards the west.

"A change of air?"

"Yes," was the dumb answer.

"In the Pacific?"

"Yes," was the reply again.

"It shall be done," said Tom; "but you remain here. One or the other of us will keep with him now."

"Who would dream that a few hours would so change a man?" murmured Ira, as he sat down. "A noble man a few hours ago, a helpless creature now. A match for a dozen men last night; to-day, a child with a bodkin might slaughter him. There he lies with the work which he has set himself unfulfilled—a lesson to me and all men that man proposes and God disposes."

## CHAPTER LV.

### A FOE, YET FRIEND.

MANY months have passed since the events recorded in our last chapter, and spring has fallen upon an island in the upper part of the Pacific, a rich fertile spot, and veritably a gem of the sea.

There are bright belts of sand around by the sea, and, inland, rich hills, fertile valleys, waterfalls and bubbling brooks, fruits, flowers, and trees, birds with gay plumage, and insects of every color under the sun.

This is a large island, big enough to give shelter to a frightened people, who

one morning saw a monster with huge canvas wings come gliding up and land several strange looking men upon their shores. The people looked on, peering from behind bushes, and beheld one of their number carried to a nook upon a hill which gave him shelter from the rougher winds of the sea.

"It is their god!" he cried. "He is too great to walk," and the simple-minded people turned and fled and hid themselves in the forest.

There they skulked, trembling, for many weeks, until one of their number, bolder than the rest, went down to the sea.

Toward nightfall he came running back to say that the monster had folded her wings, and all the men she had brought upon her back were lying about the sands.

"They have come to eat us," said the simple savage, and the whole body fairly skeddaddled to the other side of the island, leaving Handsome Harry and his men masters of the field, quite unconscious of the victory they had achieved.

For a long time our hero's life hung upon a thread, but watchful care on the part of his friends brought him round.

The services of the black doctor had long been dispensed with, as both Tom and Ira mistrusted him.

He accepted their mistrust with the immovable phlegm he showed in other matters, and retired within himself—mute and gloomy.

The men disliked him, and he, on his part, held aloof from them, wandering about the sands meditating, and at night slept beneath a tree.

He was nominally Ira's servant, but Ira never asked for his services, and he never volunteered to do a single thing.

Once, Bill Grunt, touched by the loneliness of the man, went up and volunteered a few general remarks.

He was rewarded for his kindness with a haughty stare, which, he informed his worthy friend Cutten, "froze his marrow."

From that time no man addressed him, his rations were put aside where he could get them, but in the strict sense of the word, he lived alone.

Ching-Ching entertained a thought of playing a practical joke upon him, and tarred the tree he was in the habit of leaning against.

The dumb doctor merely cut in the tar the word "Beware!" and shifted to another tree.

"Berrer let him be, eh, Sammy?" he said. "Much berrer," replied Samson, "bery bad look in him eye."

So they let him alone like the rest, and amused themselves in other ways, that is, they gave Mr. William Grunt and Cutten a very hard time of it.

It was a glorious morning when Harry was first able to emerge from his tent, and stroll about a little, leaning on Tom's arm.

He was sadly changed, so thin and pale that neither Don Salvo nor Juanita would have recognized the handsome hero who had made himself and the Belvedere famous.

"It is something to stand erect again, Tom," he said; "one never feels quite like a man lying down."

"No," replied Tom, "it is always a position in which one feels at a disadvantage. But you will soon be all right now, Harry."

"The Frenchman nearly finished me though, Tom."

"He did, but Ching Ching and Samson quite finished him."

"Where are they?"

"Down there by the red shingle, and having, as usual, a row with Bill Grunt."

"They are as great a pest to him as ever, I suppose?"

"I've got quite three volumes of complaints which I have promised to lay before you," replied Tom, laughing; "but I am sure I cannot say what you are to do with them."

"I will give them some work as soon as I get stronger," said Harry, with a meaningful look.

"You have not given up the old pursuit?"

"No, and never will," returned Harry. "Why do you ask it of me?"

"I did not ask you to do it," said Tom; "but do you not think it useless?"

"No; we might say that of everything difficult to attain. Half-hearted men halt at a half-way house—whole hearted men go on to the end."

"I suppose you are right, Harry."

"By the way, Tom," said our hero, "you were telling me that I owe much to one of the Africans, who skillfully extracted the ball. What has become of him?"

"He is whereabouts," replied Tom. "I saw him a few moments ago under his favorite tree. I sometimes think we have done the man an injustice in being suspicious of him."

"I fear you have," said Harry, "but I should like to see him for a moment or two."

"I will watch for his return, and summon him," said Tom; "and now here come two friends to offer their congratulations."

The two friends were Samson and Ching-

Ching; the latter, to do honor to the occasion had got the best side of his clothes—that with the characters upon it—outermost.

"Oh! Massa Harry," cried Samson, running forward, "me bery glad to see dis, for nebber dib me speck to see you walk agen."

"Good old Samson," said Harry, kindly, and held out his hand. Samson took it, and the tears of joy swelled into the faithful fellow's eyes.

"How are you, Ching-Ching?" asked Harry, nodding to our friend, who was indulging in a series of spasmodic wriggles and bows.

"Me much berrer," replied Ching-Ching. "Have you been ill, too?" asked Harry, in surprise.

"How should Ching-Ching be well when him Massa Harry ill?" said Ching-Ching, reproachfully. "Oh, sar, my feelings is much too fine to be well when you are sick."

"You're feelin's ain't too fine when there's anything laying about which don't belong to you," said the voice of Bill Grunt, and the boatswain joined the throng.

"Ah! Grunt, I'm glad to see you!"

"It's a pleasure for me to look on ye agen, and I've come to ax when the men may take the liberty to give yer a look?"

"To-morrow, Grunt. This being my first day out I can't bear much."

"I feel de crowd ob visitors a lilly fatiguing," said Ching Ching, fanning himself and looking full at Bill Grunt. "I not be able to talk to dem for a day or two."

"I'll talk to you one day," replied Bill, wrathfully—"and you too; so you needn't grin."

"Wurra de matter wif me?" asked Samson.

"Oh, you are as bad as him, and he's wuss than you!" replied Bill. "It goes agen reason for a man to hope to get through his work when he have two varmint like you buz-knacking about him!"

"Who's buz-knacking?" demanded the invalid Ching-Ching, raising his voice.

"Who put a peck and a arf o' live shrimps into my hammock?" demanded Bill.

"Did you, Sammy?" asked Ching-Ching of his friend.

"Oh, no, Chingy," replied Samson, with rolling eyes.

"Den why you come and 'euse a innercent young man?" said Ching-Ching, mildly addressing himself to the exasperated boatswain. "Dis show dat de bump ob morally depravity bery wrong wif you."

"Did I say he did it?" cried Bill; "do you think I'll go for to accuse him, and you—you yaller himmage standin' by. And there's poor old Cutten, as you never can let alone. Only t'other day, when he was enjoying a nap aboard, with his wooden leg flush with the deck, you went and drev a staple over it, and there he was fixed."

"Who say I do dat?" demanded Ching-Ching.

"Why, he did—he was woke up by the 'ammering, and seed you running away."

"Oh, no—no!" said Ching-Ching, mildly. "We see dat somebody fix him leg, and we bery sorry. 'Sammy,' says I, 'Yes, Chingy,' says he. 'Let us go for help,' says I. And den we run, and de ungrateful ole rascal wake up and fix the blame on us."

"P'raps you didn't let him down the hatchway, and nigh break his neck?" demanded Bill.

"He was a trespasser den," said Ching Ching. "wasn't he, Sammy?"

"Bery much trespasser, Chingy," replied that veracious and confirmatory supporter of the Chinaman.

"What do you mean by a trespasser?" asked Harry, who, with Tom, had hard work to keep his countenance.

"Let me tell the story, sir," said Bill Grunt, "and if you don't say that it's as black a bit o' work as ever you heard on, my name ain't Bill Grunt. Well, gemmen, you must know as I opened the fore hatchway to sweeten the hold, and these two chaps puts two tubs close by and a plank across, making a kind o' seat, just on the edge o' the hatchway, and there they sot talkin' and grinnin', like the asses they are, for an hour or so, arter which they goes to the fore-mast and sit there."

"He bery trueful," interposed Ching-Ching; "we bof sit dere, didn't we, Sammy?"

"We did, Chingy," confirmed Samson.

"Oh, yes, in course yer did," said Bill Grunt, with an expression of bottled wrath about his face. "Well, gemmen, when them two parties—which I ain't a-goin' to lower myself by calling 'em by their proper names—when these two wacated the seat, Cutten ses to me, 'Bill, let's go and sit down.' 'Down with you,' ses I, 'and have a pipe; so we goes forrard and sits down, and puts the pipe on.'"

"Yes," said Ching-Ching, with his eyes up, "dey hab a smoke, didn't 'em, Sammy?"

"Dey did, a lilly smoke," said Samson,

and gave vent to his feelings in a stifled chuckle.

"We had just lighted our pipes," continued Bill Grunt, savagely, "and Cutten was a-gettin' his into full blaze when hup went one o' the tubs and I felt myself chucked forrard on to my face on the deck; that saved me, but poor old Cutten went t'other way. I seed him go over, with his wooden leg up like a infant mast, and then down he goes into the hold. I sees the tub rollin' and I ketched hold of it, and there was a cross bit of wood with a string tied to it running thru the bung hole."

"I believe," said Ching-Ching, "dat dere was a lilly bit ob string sticking to de tub."

"It was a plot laid agin us and you know it," said Bill Grunt, warmly, "and it's a marcy you didn't break that poor old man's neck. Now, I'll just tell you—"

"Stop a minute," interposed Tom True. "You must excuse me, Grunt, but your narrative is so powerful that I am afraid it is too much for our worthy captain here. Suppose you give us the rest to-morrow and the next day we will hear the defense."

"Massa Tom a bery good judge," said Samson.

"And a bery good judy," added Ching-Ching.

"Axing your pardon, gemmen," said Bill Grunt, touching his forelock, "but when I gets on the injurries I've suffered, I gets carried away a bit."

"Carried away from de trufe," said Ching-Ching, with an expressive shake of the head; "ah, Massa Grunt, whateber your wrongs, neber tell no lies."

Bill Grunt scorned to answer him, and went his way. Tom sent Ching-Ching for the dumb doctor, who was sauntering below, Samson, imagining that he would be better away, went too.

Ching-Ching delivered his message, and for a moment the swarthy doctor trembled, but he braced himself up, and with a quick, firm step, ascended the slope in which Harry stood. Arriving in front of our hero, he made a low obeisance, and stood with his eyes upon the ground.

"I have to thank you," said Harry, "for your prompt and able attention to my wound. I have good reason to believe that without your timely aid I should have died!"

The dumb man bowed and spread out his hands, as if deprecating all allusion to himself.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Harry, kindly. "Is there any place you would wish to be taken to?"

A shake of the head.

"Your country or your friends?"

The swarthy face looked for a moment at Harry, and he saw that the man before him had neither country nor friends in the wide world. He signed to him that he might go.

"I do not understand the man," said Harry, when he and Tom were left alone. "He is black in skin, but white in feature, and it seems to me that I have seen that face before."

"Ira was remarking the same," said Tom.

"Yes," said Harry, musing, "I have seen that face before. But where?"

And the dark stranger, as he walked down the hill, half uttered this thought:

"If he had looked at me a moment longer I must have betrayed myself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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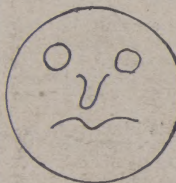
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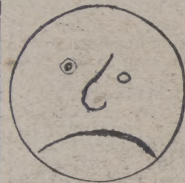
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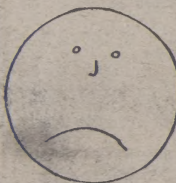
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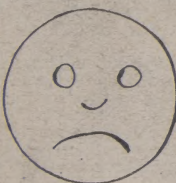
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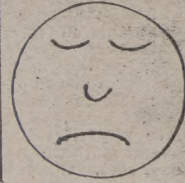
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